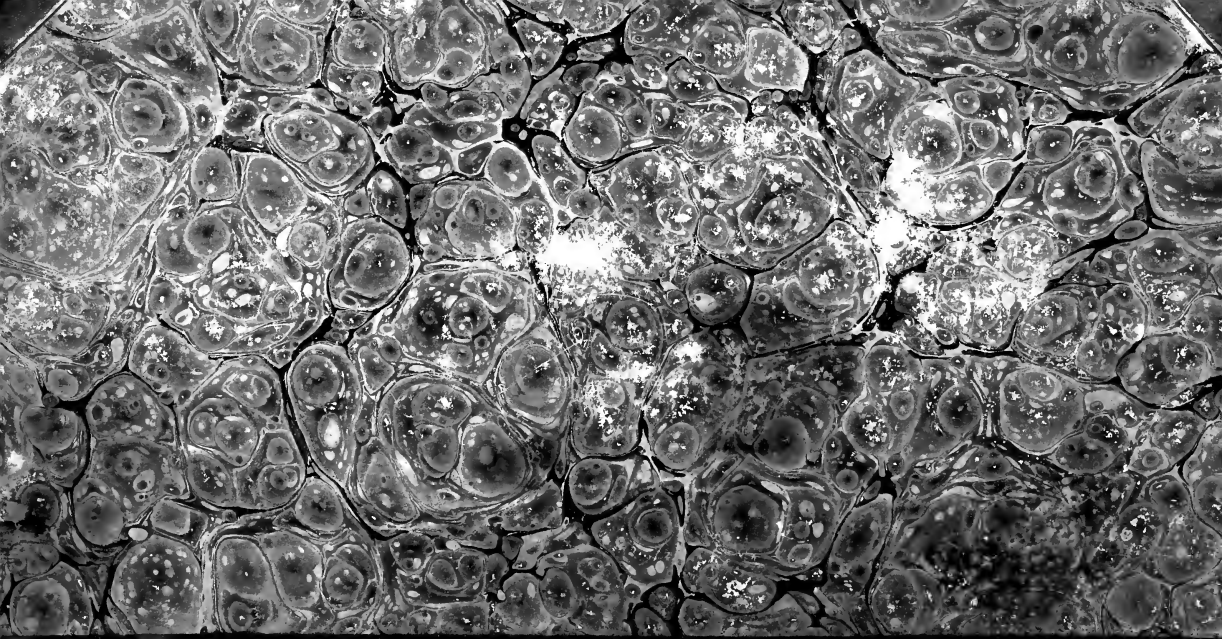

The Judgment.

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THE

JUDGMENT.

A VISION.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF PERCY'S MASQUE.

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Besides its intrinsic difficulties, the subject labours under a disadvantage too obvious to have escaped notice. It has so generally occupied the imaginations of believers in the Scriptures, that most have adopted respecting it their own notions: whoever selects it as a theme, therefore, exposes his work to criticism on account of its theology, as well as its poetry; and they who think the former objectionable, will not, easily, be pleased with the latter. The object, however, was not to declare opinions; but simply to present such a view of the last grand spectacle as seemed the most susceptible of poetical embellishment.

THE

JUDGMENT.

I.

THE rites were past of that auspicious day
When white-robed altars wreathed with living green
Adorn the temples; when unnumbered tongues
Repeat the glorious anthem sung to harps
Of Angels, when the star o'er Bethlehem stood;
When grateful hearts bow low, and deeper joy
Breathes in the Christian than the Angel song
On the great birthday of our Priest and King.
That night, while musing on his wondrous life,
Precepts, and promises to be fulfilled,

A trance-like sleep fell on me, and a dream
Of dreadful character appalled my soul.
Wild was the pageant:—face to face with Kings
Heroes, and Sages of old note, I stood;
Patriarchs, and Prophets, and Apostles saw,
And venerable forms, ere round the globe
Shoreless and waste a weltering flood was rolled,
With Angels, compassing the radiant throne
Of Mary's Son, anew descended, crowned
With glory terrible, to judge the world.

II.

Methought I journeyed o'er a boundless plain
Unbroke by vale or hill, on all sides stretched,
Like circling ocean, to the low-brow'd sky;
Save in the midst a verdant mount, whose sides
Flowers of all hues and fragrant breath adorned.
Lightly I trod, as on some joyous quest,
Beneath the azure vault and early sun;
But while my pleased eyes ranged the circuit green,

New light shone round; a murmur came, confused,
Like many voices and the rush of wings.
Upward I gazed, and mid the glittering skies,
Begirt by flying myriads, saw a throne
Whose thousand splendours blazed upon the earth
Refulgent as another sun. Through clouds
They came, and vapours coloured by Aurora,
Mingling in swell sublime, voices, and harps,
And sounding wings, and hallelujahs sweet.
Sudden, a Seraph that before them flew,
Pausing upon his wide-unfolded plumes,
Put to his mouth the likeness of a trump,
And toward the four wind four times fiercely breathed.
Rattling along the arch, the mighty peal
To heaven resounded, Hell returned a groan,
And shuddering Earth a moment reeled, confounded,
From her fixed pathway as the staggering ship,
Stunn'd by some mountain billow, reels. The isles,
With heaving ocean, rocked: the mountains shook
Their ancient coronets: the avalanche
Thundered: silence succeeded through the nations.

Earth never listened to a sound like this
It struck the general pulse of nature still,
And broke, for ever, the dull sleep of death.

III.

Now, o'er the mount the radiant legions hung,
Like plumy travellers from climes remote
On some sequestered isle about to stoop.
Gently its flow'ry head received the throne,
Cherubs and Seraphs, by ten thousands, round
Skirting it far and wide, like a bright sea,
Fair forms and faces, crowns, and coronets,
And glistering wings furled white and numberless.
About their Lord were those Seven glorious Spirits
Who in the Almighty's presence stand: Four held
The golden cords, whose fulgent knops appeared
Clusters of sardonyx and emerald,
That, by four rings, like those upon the ark,
Sustained the throne: One bore the dreadful Books,
The Arbiters of life: Another waved

The blazing ensign terrible, of yore,
To rebel Angels in the wars of Heaven·
What seemed a trump the other Spirit grasped,
Of wondrous size, wreathed multiform and strange.
Illustrious stood the Seven, above the rest
Tow'ring, and like a constellation glowing,
What time the sphere-instructed Huntsman, taught
By Atlas, his star-studded belt displays
Aloft, bright-glittering, in the winter sky.

IV.

Then on the mount, amidst these glorious shapes
Who reverent stood, with looks of sacred awe,
I saw EMMANUEL seated on his throne.
His robe, methought, was whiter than the light;
Upon his breast the Heavenly Urim glowed
Bright as the sun, and round such lightnings flashed,
No eye could meet the mystic symbol's blaze.
Irradiant the eternal sceptre shone
Which wont to glitter in his Father's hand:

Resplendent in his face the Godhead beamed,
Justice and mercy, majesty and grace,
Divinely mingling. Celestial glories played
Around with beamy lustre; from his eye
Dominion looked; upon his brow was stamped
Creative Power. Yet, over all the touch
Of gracious pity dwelt, which, erst, amidst
Dissolving nature's anguish breathed a prayer
For guilty man. Redundant down his neck
His locks rolled graceful, as they waved, of old,
Upon the mournful breeze of Calvary.

V.

His throne of heavenly substance seemed composed,
Whose pearly essence, like the Eastern shell,
Or changeful opal, shed a silvery light.
Clear as the moon it looked through ambient clouds
Of snowy lustre waving round its base,
That, like a zodiac, thick with emblems set,
Flashed wondrous beams, of unknown character,

From many a burning stone of lustre rare,
Stained like the bow whose mingling splendour streamed
Confusion bright upon the dazzled eye.
Above him hung a canopy whose skirts
The mount o'ershadowed like an evening cloud.
Clouds were his curtains: not like their dim types
Of blue and purple round the tabernacle,
That waving vision of the lonely wild,
By pious Israel wrought with cherubims;
Veiling the mysteries of old renown,
Table, and altar, ark, and mercy-seat,
Where, 'twixt the shadow of cherubic wings,
In lustre visible Jehovah shone.

VI.

In honour chief, upon the Lord's right hand
His station Michael held: the dreadful sword,
That from a starry baldric hung, proclaimed
The Hierarch. Terrible on his brow
Blazed the Archangel crown, and from his eye

Thick sparkles flashed. Like regal banners, waved
Back from his giant shoulders his broad vans,
Bedropt with gold, and, turning to the sun,
Shone gorgeous as the multitudinous stars,
Or some illumined city seen by night,
When her wide streets pour noon, and echoing thro'
Her thronging thousands, mirth and music ring.
Opposed to him, I saw an Angel stand
In sable vesture, with the Books of Life.
Black was his mantle, and his changeful wings
Glossed like the raven's ; thoughtful seemed his mien,
Sedate and calm, and deep upon his brow
Had Meditation set her seal : his eyes
Looked things unearthly, thoughts unutterable,
Or uttered only with an Angel's tongue
Renowned was he among the Seraphim
For knowledge elevate, and Heavenly lore ;
Skilled in the mysteries of the Eternal,
Profoundly skilled in those old records where,
From everlasting ages, live God's deeds ;
He knew the hour when yonder shining worlds

That roll around us, into being sprang ;
Their system, laws, connexion ; all he knew
But the dread moment when they cease to be.
None judged like him the ways of God to man,
Or so had pondered ; his excursive thoughts
Had visited the depths of Night and Chaos,
Gathering the treasures of the hoary deep.

VII.

Like ocean's billows seemed ere this, the plain,
Confusedly heaving with a sumless host
From earth's and time's remotest bounds : a roar
Went up before the multitude, whose course
The unfurled banner guided, and the bow,
Zone of the universe, athwart the zenith
Sweeping its arch. In one vast conflux rolled,
Wave following wave, were men of every age,
Nation, and tongue ; all heard the warning blast,
And, led by wondrous impulse, hither came.
Mingled in wild confusion, now, those met

In distant ages born. Gray forms, that lived
When Time himself was young, whose temples shook
The hoary honours of a thousand years,
Stood side by side with Roman Consuls :—here,
'Mid Prophets old, and Heaven-inspired Bards,
Were Grecian heroes seen :—there, from a crowd
Of reverend Patriarchs, towered the nodding plumes,
Tiars, and helms, and sparkling diadems
Of Persia's, Egypt's, or Assyria's Kings ;
Clad as when forth the hundred gates of Thebes
On sounding cars her hundred Princes rushed ;
Or, when, at night, from off the terrace top
Of his aerial garden, touched to sooth
The troubled Monarch, came the solemn chime
Of sackbut, psaltery, and harp adown
The Euphrates, floating in the moonlight wide
O'er sleeping Babylon. For all appeared
As in their days of earthly pride ; the clank
Of steel announced the Warrior, and the robe
Of Tyrian lustre spoke the blood of Kings.
Tho' on the Angels while I gazed, their names

Appeared not, yet amongst the mortal throng
(Capricious power of dreams!) familiar seemed
Each countenance, and every name well known.

VIII.

Nearest the mount of that mixed phalanx, first
Our general parent stood: not as he looked
Wandering, at eve, amid the shady bowers,
And odorous groves of that delicious garden,
Or flow'ry banks of some soft rolling-stream,
Pausing to list its lulling murmur, hand
In hand with peerless Eve, the rose too sweet,
Fatal to Paradise. Fled from his cheek
The bloom of Eden; his hyacinthine locks
Were changed to gray; with years and sorrows bowed
He seemed, but through his ruined form still shone
The majesty of his Creator: round
Upon his sons a grieved and pitying look
He cast, and in his vesture hid his face.
In vain my wistful eyes sought hapless Eve.

Why from her lord, in this appalling hour,
Methought, why wanders she, and who sustains?

IX.

Close at his side appeared a warlike form
Of port majestic, clad in massive arms,
Cow'ring above whose helm with outspread wings
The Roman eagle flew; around its brim
Was charactered the name at which Earth's Queen
Bowed from her seven-fold throne and owned her lord.
In his dilated eye amazement stood;
Terror, surprise, and blank astonishment
Blanched his firm cheek, as when, of old, close hemmed
Within the Capitol, amidst the crowd
Of traitors, fearless else, he caught the gleam
Of Brutus' steel. Daunted, yet on the pomp
Of tow'ring Seraphim, their wings, their crowns,
Their dazzling faces, and upon the Lord
He fixed a steadfast look of anxious note,
Like that Pharsalia's hurtling squadrons drew
When all his glories hung upon the hour.

X.

Near him, for wisdom famous thro' the East,
Abraham rested on his staff; in guise
A Chaldee shepherd, simple in his raiment
As when at Mamre in his tent he sat,
The host of Angels. Snow-white were his locks
And silvery beard that to his girdle rolled.
Fondly his meek eye dwelt upon the Lord,
Like one, that, after long and troubled dreams,
A night of sorrows, dreary, wild, and sad,
Beholds, at last, the dawn of promised joys.
With kindred looks his great Descendant gazed.
Not in the poor array of shepherds he,
Nor in the many coloured-coat, fond gift
Of doting age, and cause of direful hate;
But, stately as his native palm, his form
Was, like Egyptian Princes, proudly decked
In tissued purple sweeping to the ground.
Plumes from the desert waved above his head,

And down his breast the golden collar hung
Bestowed by Pharaoh, when through Egypt word
Went forth to bow the knee as to her King.
Graced thus, his chariot with impetuous wheels
Bore him toward Goshen, where the fainting heart
Of Israel waited for his long lost son,
The son of Rachel. Ah! had she survived
To see him in his glory!—As he rode,
His boyhood and his mother's tent arose,
Linked with a thousand recollections dear,
And Joseph's heart was in the tomb by Ephrath.

XI.

At hand, a group of Sages marked the scene.
Plato and Socrates together stood,
With him who measured by their shades those piles
Gigantic, 'mid the desert seen, at eve,
By toiling caravans for Memphis bound,
Peering like specks above th' horizon's verge,
Whose huge foundations vanish in the mist

Of earliest time. Transfixed they seemed with wonder,
Awe-struck,—amazement rapt their inmost souls.
Such glance of deep enquiry and suspense
They threw around them, as, in ages past,
Astronomers upon some dark eclipse,
Close counselling amidst the dubious light
If it portended Nature's death, or spoke
A change in Heaven. What thought they, then, of all
Their idle dreams, their proud Philosophy,
When on their wildered souls redemption, Christ,
And the Almighty broke? But, though they erred
When all was dark, they reasoned for the Truth.
They sought in earth, in ocean, and the stars,
Their maker, arguing from his works toward God;
And from his Word had nobly argued too,
Had they beheld the Gospel sending forth
Its sun-bright glories o'er the farthest sea,
Lighting the idol mountain tops, and gilding
The banners of salvation there. These men
Ne'er slighted a Redeemer; of his name
They never heard. Perchance their late-found harps

Who in the lonely Isle saw Heaven unveiled,
Was his who in twelve summers won a world!
Not such his countenance nor garb, as when
He foremost breasted the broad Granicus,
Dark-rushing through its steeps from lonely Ida,
His double tufted plume conspicuous mark
Of every arrow; cheering his bold steed
Through pikes, and spears, and threatening axes, up
The slippery bank through all their chivalry,
Princes and Satraps linked for Cyrus' throne,
With cuirass pierced, cleft helm, and plumeless head,
To glorious conquest: or, when panic-struck,
Darius from his plunging chariot sprang,
Away the bow and mantle cast, and fled.
His robe, all splendid from the silk worm's loom,
Floated effeminate, and from his neck
Hung chains of gold, and gems from Eastern mines.
Bedight with many-coloured plumage, flamed
His proud tiara, plumage which had spread
Its glittering dies of scarlet, green and gold,
To evening suns by Indus' stream: around

Twined careless, glowed the white and purple band,
The imperial sacred badge of Persia's kings.
Thus, his triumphal car in Babylon
Displayed him, drawn by snow-white elephants,
Whose feet crushed odours from the flowery wreaths
Boy-Cupids scattered, while soft music breathed
And incense fumed around. But dire his hue,
Bloated and bacchanal as on the night
When old Persepolis was wrapped in flame:
Fear, over all had flung a livid tinge.
A deeper awe subdued him than amazed
Parmenio and the rest when they beheld
The white stoled Levites from Jerusalem,
Thrown open as on some high festival,
With hymns and solemn pomp, come down the hill
To meet the incensed King, and wondering saw,
As on the Pontiff's awful form he gazed,
Glistering in purple with his mystic gems,
Jove's vaunted son, at Jaddua's foot, adore.

XV.

Turn, now, where stood the spotless Virgin: sweet
Her azure eye, and fair her golden ringlets;
But changeful as the hues of infancy
Her face. As on her Son, her God, she gazed,
Fixed was her look,—earnest, and breathless;—now,
Suffused her glowing cheek;—now, changed to pale;—
First, round her lip a smile celestial played,
Then, fast, fast rained the tears.—Who can interpret?—
Perhaps some thought maternal crossed her heart;
That mused on days long passed, when on her breast
He helpless lay, and of his infant smile;
Or, on those nights of terror when, from worse
Than wolves, she hasted with her babe to Egypt.

XVI.

Girt by a crowd of Monarchs of whose fame
Scarce a memorial lives, who fought and reigned

While the historic lamp shed glimmering light,
Above the rest one regal port aspired,
Crowned like Assyria's princes ; not a crest
O'ertopped him save the giant Seraphim.
His countenance more piercing than the beam
Of the sun-gazing eagle, earthward bent
Its haught, fierce majesty tempered with awe.
Seven years with brutish herds had quelled his pride,
And taught him there's a mightier King in Heaven.
His powerful arm founded old Babylon,
Whose bulwarks like the eternal mountains heaved
Their admantine heads, whose brazen gates
Beleaguering nations foiled, and bolts of war,
Unshaken, answered as the pelting hail.
House of the Kingdom ! glorious Babylon !
Earth's marvel, and of unborn time the theme !
Say where thou stood'st :—Or, can the fisherman
Plying his task on the Euphrates, now,
A silent, silver, unpolluted tide,
Point to thy grave, and answer ? From a sash
O'er his broad shoulder hung the ponderous sword

Fatal as sulphurous fires to Nineveh,
That levelled with her waves the walls of Tyrus
Queen of the sea, to its foundations shook
Jerusalem, and reaped the fields of Egypt.

XVII.

Endless the task to name the multitudes
From every land, from isles remote, in seas
Which no adventurous mariner has sailed:—
From desert-girdled cities, of whose pomp
Some solitary wanderer, by the stars
Conducted o'er the burning wilderness,
Has told a doubted tale; as Europe's sons
Describing Mexic' and, in fair Peru,
The gorgeous Temple of the Sun, its Priests,
Its Virgin, and its fire forever bright,
Were fablers deemed, and, for belief, met scorn.

XVIII.

Sage faces, grave and firm, with war-worn locks,
Around a venerable Sire I saw,
Whose hoary head, with patriot glory crown'd,
Eclipsed the lustre of the diadem.
On their bold brows appeared that settled soul
Racks cannot shake, nor fiercest thunderbolts
By tyrants fulmined; not for gold, nor spoil
Torn from an injured people, not to gloss
Some monarch's purple with a bloodier die,
Their swords were sheathless: in the sacred cause
Of man's essential, inborn liberties,
Inherent, deathless as his soul, they drew.
They were the Watchmen by an Empire's cradle
Whose youthful sinews shone like Rome's; whose head
Tempestuous rears the ice-encrusted cap
Sparkling with Polar splendours, while her skirts
Catch perfumes from the Isles; whose trident, yet,
Must awe in either ocean; whose strong hand

Freedom's immortal banner grasps, and waves
Its spangled glories o'er the envying world.

XIX.

Around while gazing thus, far in the sky
Appeared what looked, at first, a moving star;
But onward, wheeling through the clouds it came,
With brightening splendour and increasing size,
Till within ken a fiery chariot rushed,
By flaming horses drawn, whose heads shot forth
A twisted horn-like beam. O'er its fierce wheels
Two shining forms alighted on the mount,
Of mortal birth, but deathless rapt to Heaven.
Adown their breasts their loose beards floated, white
As mist by moonbeams silvered; fair they seemed,
And bright as Angels; fellowship with Heaven
Their mortal grossness so had purified.
Lucent their mantles; other than the Seer
By Jordan caught; and in the Prophet's face
A mystic lustre, like the Urim's, gleamed.

XX.

Now for the dread tribunal all prepared ;
Before the throne the Angel with the Books
Ascending kneeled, and crossing on his breast
His sable pinions there the volume spread.
A second summons echoed from the trump,
Thrice sounded, when the mighty work began.
Waved onward by a Seraph's wand, the sea
Of palpitating bosoms toward the mount
In silence rolled. No sooner had the first
Pale tremblers its mysterious circle touched
Than instantaneous, swift as fancy's flash,
As lightning darting from the summer cloud,
Its past existence rose before the soul,
With all its deeds, with all its secret store
Of embryo works, and dark imaginings.
Amidst the chaos, thoughts as numberless
As whirling leaves when autumn strips the woods,
Light and disjointed as the Sybil's thoughts

Scattered upon the waste of long dim years,
Passed in a moment through the quickened soul.
Not with the glozing eye of earth beheld ;
They saw as with the glance of Deity.
Conscience, stern arbiter in every breast,
Decided. Self acquitted or condemned,
Through two broad glittering avenues of spears
They crossed the Angelic squadrons, right, or left
The Judgment seat ; by power supernal led
To their allotted stations on the plain.
As onward, onward, numberless they came,
And touched, appalled, the verge of Destiny,
The Heavenly Spirits inly sympathized :—
When youthful saints, or martyrs scarred and white,
With streaming faces, hands ecstatic clasped,
Sprang to the right, celestial beaming smiles
A ravishing beauty to their radiance gave ;
But downcast looks of pity chilled the left.
What clenched hands, and frenzied steps were there!
Yet, on my shuddering soul the stifled groan
Wrung from some proud Blasphemer as he rushed,

Constrained by conscience, down the path of death
Knells horrible.—On all the hurrying throng
The unerring pen stamped, as they passed, their fate.
Thus, in a day, amazing thought! were judged
The millions since from the Almighty's hand,
Launched on her course, earth rolled rejoicing. Whose
The doom to penal fires, and whose to joy,
From man's presumption mists and darkness veil.
So passed the day; divided stood the world,
An awful line of separation drawn,
And from his labours the Messiah ceased.

XXI.

By this, the sun his westering car drove low;
Round his broad wheel full many a lucid cloud
Floated, like happy isles, in seas of gold:
Along the horizon castled shapes were piled,
Turrets and towers, whose front embattled gleamed
With yellow light: smit by the slanting ray,
A ruddy beam the canopy reflected;

With deeper light the ruby blushed; and thick
Upon the Seraphs' wings the glowing spots
Seemed drops of fire. Uncoiling from its staff
With fainter wave, the gorgeous ensign hung,
Or, swelling with the swelling breeze, by fits,
Cast off upon the dewy air huge flakes
Of golden lustre. Over all the hill,
The Heavenly legions, the assembled world,
Evening her crimson tint for ever drew.

XXII.

But while at gaze, in solemn silence, Men,
And Angels stood, and many a quaking heart
With expectation throbbed; about the throne
And glittering hill top slowly wreathed the clouds,
Erewhile like curtains for adornment hung,
Involving Shiloh and the Seraphim
Beneath a snowy tent. The bands around,
Eying the gonfalon that through the smoke
Towered into air, resembled hosts who watch

The King's pavilion where, ere battle hour,
A council sits. What their consult might be,
Those seven dread Spirits and their Lord, I mused,
I marvelled. Was it grace, and peace ?—or death ?
Was it of Man ?—Did pity for the Lost
His gentle nature wring who knew, who felt
How frail is this poor tenement of clay ?*—
Arose there from the misty tabernacle
A cry like that upon Gethsemané ?—
What passed in Jesus' bosom none may know,
But close the cloudy dome invested him ;
And, weary with conjecture, round I gazed
Where in the purple west, no more to dawn,
Faded the glories of the dying day.
Mild twinkling through a crimson-skirted cloud
The solitary star of Evening shone.
While gazing wistful on that peerless light
Thereafter to be seen no more, (as, oft

* For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. Heb. 4. 15.

In dreams strange images will mix,) sad thoughts
Passed o'er my soul. Sorrowing, I cried, Farewell,
Pale, beauteous Planet, that displayest so soft
Amid yon glowing streak thy transient beam,
A long, a last farewell! Seasons have changed,
Ages, and empires rolled, like smoke away,
But thou, unaltered, beamest as silver fair
As on thy birthnight! Bright and watchful eyes,
From palaces and bowers, have hailed thy gem
With secret transport! Natal star of love,
And souls that love the shadowy hour of fancy,
How much I owe thee, how I bless thy ray!
How oft thy rising o'er the hamlet green,
Signal of rest, and social converse sweet,
Beneath some patriarchal tree, has cheered
The peasant's heart, and drawn his benison!
Pride of the West! beneath thy placid light
The tender tale shall never more be told,
Man's soul shall never wake to joy again:
Thou set'st for ever,—lovely Orb, farewell!

XXIII.

Low warblings, now, and solitary harps
Were heard among the Angels, touched and tuned
As to an evening hymn, preluding soft
To Cherub voices; louder as they swelled
Deep strings struck in, and hoarser instruments,
Mixed with clear silver sounds, till concord rose
Full as the harmony of winds to heaven;
Yet sweet as nature's spring-tide melodies
To some worn Pilgrim first, with glistening eyes,
Greeting his native valley, whence the sounds
Of rural gladness, herds, and bleating flocks,
The chirp of birds, blithe noises, lowing kine,
The dash of waters, reed, or rustic pipe,
Blent with the dulcet distance-mellowed bell,
Come, like the echo of his early joys.
In every pause, from spirits in mid air,
Responsive still were golden viols heard,
And Heavenly symphonies stole faintly down.

XXIV.

Calm, deep, and silent was the tide of joy
That rolled o'er all the Bless'd; visions of bliss,
Rapture too mighty swelled their hearts to bursting;
Prelude to Heaven it seemed, and in their sight
Celestial glories swam. How fared, alas!
That other Band? Sweet to their troubled minds
The solemn scene; ah! doubly sweet the breeze
Refreshing, and the purple light to eyes
But newly oped from that benumming sleep
Whose dark and drear abode no cheering dream
No bright-hued vision ever enters, souls
For ages pent, perhaps, in some dim world
Where guilty spectres stalk the twilight gloom.
For, like the spirit's last seraphic smile,
The Earth, anticipating now her tomb,
To rise, perhaps, as Heaven magnificent,
Appeared Hesperian: gales of gentlest wing
Came fragrance-laden, and such odours shed

As Yemen never knew, nor those blest Isles
In Indian seas, where the voluptuous breeze
The peaceful Native breathes, at eventide,
From nutmeg groves and bowers of cinnamon.
How solemn on their ears the choral note
Swelled of the Angel hymn! so late escaped
The cold embraces of the grave, whose damp
Silence no voice or stringed instrument
Has ever broke! yet with the murmuring breeze
Full sadly chimed the music and the song,
For with them came the memory of joys
For ever past, the stinging thought of what
They once had been, and of their future lot.
To their grieved view the passages of Earth
Delightful rise, their tender ligaments
So dear, they heeded not an after state,
Though by a fearful Judgment ushered in.
A Bridegroom fond, who lavished all his heart
On his Beloved, forgetful of the Man
Of many sorrows, who, for him, resigned
His meek and spotless Spirit on the cross,

Has marked among the Blessed Bands, arrayed
Celestial in a spring of beauty, doomed
No more to fade, the charmer of his soul,
Her cheek soft blooming like the dawn in Heaven.
He recollects the days when on his smile
She lived; when, gently leaning on his breast,
Tears of intense affection dimmed her eyes,
Of dove-like lustre.—Thoughtless, now, of him
And earthly joys, eternity and Heaven
Engross her soul.—What more accursed pang
Can Hell inflict? With her, in realms of light,
In never-dying bliss, he might have rolled
Eternity away; but now, for ever,
Torn from his Bride new-found, with cruel Fiends,
Or Men like Fiends, must waste and weep. Now, now,
He mourns with burning bitter drops his days
Mispent, probation lost, and Heaven despised.
Such thoughts from many a bursting heart drew forth
Groans, lamentations, and despairing shrieks,
That on the silent air came from afar.

XXV.

As, when from some proud capital that crowns
Imperial Ganges, the reviving breeze
Sweeps the dark mist, or hoary river fog,
Impervious mantled o'er her highest towers,
Bright on the eye rush Brahma's temples capped
With spiry tops, gay-trelliced minarets,
Pagods of gold, and mosques with burnished domes,
Gilded, and glistening in the morning sun,
So from the hill the cloudy curtains rolled,
And, in the lingering lustre of the eve,
Again the Saviour and his Seraphs shone.
Emitted sudden in his rising, flashed
Intenser light, as toward the right hand host
Mild turning with a look ineffable,
The invitation he proclaimed in accents
Which on their ravished ears poured thrilling like
The silver sound of many trumpets heard
Afar in sweetest jubilee; then, swift

Stretching his dreadful sceptre to the left
That shot forth horrid lightnings, in a voice
Clothed but in half its terrors, yet to them
Seemed like the crush of Heaven, pronounced the doom.
The sentence uttered, as with life instinct,
The throne uprose majestically slow;
Each Angel spread his wings; in one dread swell
Of triumph mingling as they mounted, trumpets,
And harps, and golden lyres, and timbrels sweet,
And many a strange and deep-toned instrument
Of Heavenly minstrelsy unknown on Earth,
And Angels' voices, and the loud acclaim
Of all the ransomed, like a thunder-shout.
Far through the skies melodious echoes rolled,
And faint hosannahs distant climes returned.

XXVI.

Down from the less'ning multitude came faint
And fainter still the trumpet's dying peal,

All else in distance lost, when to receive
Their new inhabitants the heavens unfolded.
Up gazing, then, with streaming eyes, a glimpse
The Wicked caught of Paradise, where streaks
Of splendour, golden gleamings, radiance shone,
Like the deep glories of declining day,
When, washed by evening showers, the huge-orb'd sun
Breaks instantaneous o'er the illumin'd world.
Seen far within, fair forms moved graceful by,
Slow turning to the light their snowy wings.
A deep-drawn agonizing groan escaped
The hapless Outcasts, when upon the Lord
The glowing portals closed. Undone, they stood
Wistfully gazing on the cold gray heaven,
As if to catch, alas! a hope not there.
But shades began to gather, night approached
Murky and low'ring: round with horror rolled
On one another their despairing eyes
That glared with anguish: starless, hopeless gloom
Fell on their souls never to know an end.
Though in the far horizon lingered yet

A lurid gleam, black clouds were mustering there;
Red flashes, followed by low muttering sounds,
Announced the fiery tempest doomed to hurl
The fragments of the Earth again to Chaos.
Wild gusts swept by upon whose hollow wing
Unearthly voices, yells, and ghastly peals
Of demon laughter came. Infernal shapes
Flitted along the sulphurous wreaths, or plunged
Their dark impure abyss, as sea-fowl dive
Their watery element.——O'erwhelmed with sights
And sounds of horror, I awoke, and found
For gathering storms, and signs of coming woe,
The midnight moon gleaming upon my bed
Serene and peaceful: Gladly I surveyed her
Walking in brightness through the stars of heaven,
And blessed the respite ere the day of doom.

LINES

WRITTEN AT

JERPOINT ABBEY.

So sleeps the pride of former days
So glory's thrill is o'er!

MOORE.

But where are they? and where art thou,
My country? on thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre so long divine
Degenerate into hands like mine?

BYRON.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY R. WATTS, CROWN COURT, TEMPLE BAR.
MDCCCXXII.

TO

SHEFFIELD GRACE, ESQ. F.A.S.

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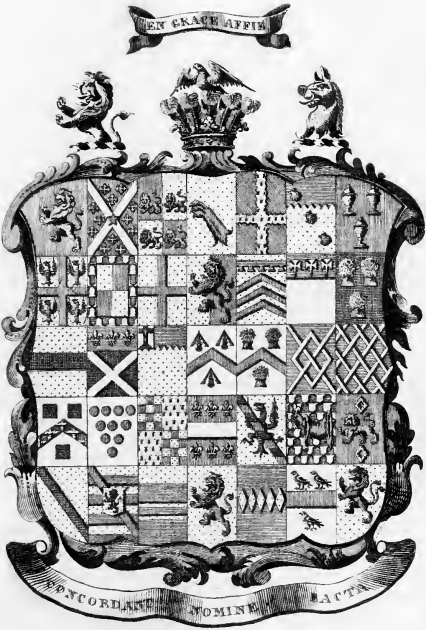

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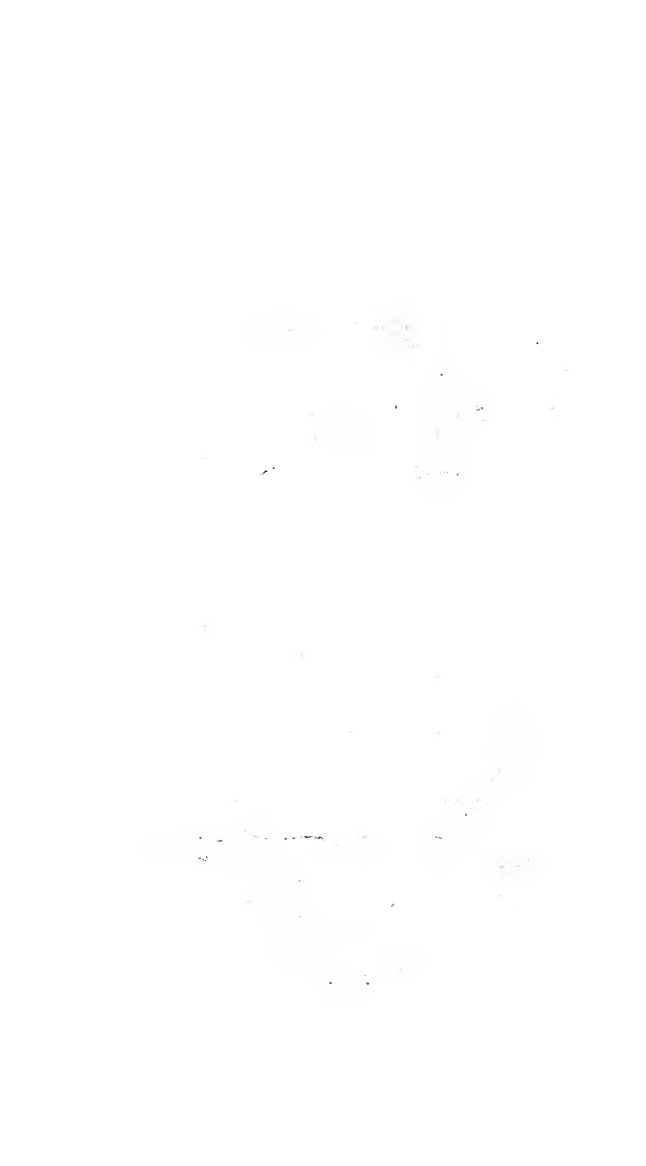


I.

How the earth darkens! not a day-beam cheers
Its pensive look, or gilds the evening sky;
While through the gloom, from other worlds, appears
No smile, to bid the gathering shadows die.
All is so sadly still! the cooling breeze,
That from yon mountains[1] their mild freshness bears,
Now breathes not,—floating through the blossom'd trees,
To fan the sable garb which Nature wears.
No star upon our world's dark curtain beams,
And the moon mounts not her etherial throne,
Where other eves have seen her sit supreme
In power and brightness, beautifully lone:
While o'er the track of heaven deep clouds advance,
And Nature sinks into a sullen sleep;
So like the unearthly stillness of a trance,
From which 'tis luxury to wake and weep.

II.

I gaze where Jerpoint's[2] venerable pile,
Majestic in its ruins, o'er me lowers:
The worm now crawls through each untrodden aisle,
And the bat hides within its time-worn towers.

(1) This range or region of mountains takes a southerly direction; and being situated in the district of Walsh's country, which extends to the city of Waterford, are thence denominated "the Walsh Mountains." The family of Walsh was among the earliest of the English settled in the county of Kilkenny (temp. Henry II.), and for more than four centuries was inferior only to that of Butler and of Grace in power or possessions. Jerpoint Abbey appears to have been their most general place of interment, and many of their ancient tombs still remain there. The monument erected in 1501 to Robert Walsh of Castle-Hayle, or Castle-Hoel, in the Walsh Mountains, affords a singularly interesting specimen of the rude funereal grandeur of that period. During the events of the Usurpation and Revolution, the loyalty of this family to the House of Stuart occasioned the loss of their entire patrimony. From a younger branch, settled in France, are descended the Counts Walsh de Serrant, whose magnificent chateau and extensive estates are situated near Angers, in the department de Maioe et Loire. The Author takes this early opportunity of acknowledging himself indebted for historical facts to the account of Tullaroan or Grace's Parish, in the Third Volume of that interesting and truly-useful work, The Statistical Survey of Ireland, by William Shaw Mason, Esq.

(2) This noble Abbey is situated on the river Nore, and is distant nearly two miles south of Thomas-town; and between eight and nine in the same direction from Kilkenny. It was founded in 1180, by Donogh Fitz-Patrick, King of Ossory, for Cistertian Monks, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Among the mitred Abbeys, that of Jerpoint was, in wealth, possessions, and architectural splendour, esteemed the fourth in the kingdom. Its extensive and beautiful ruins strikingly attest the justice of this ascribed distinction, as well as irresistibly command the admiration of every beholder. On its suppression in 1540, it possessed 1500 acres in demesne land; which being surrendered by Oliver Grace, the last Lord Abbot, were granted, together with its other estates, to Thomas Butler, tenth Earl of Ormond. The Abbot of Jerpoint was a Peer of Parliament.

It was not thus, when, in the olden time,
The holy inmates of yon broken wall
Lived free from woes which spring from care or crime,
Those shackles which the grosser world enthral.
Then, while the setting sun-beams glistened o'er
The earth, arose to heaven the vesper song:
But now the sacred sound is heard no more,
No music floats the dreary aisles along;
Ne'er from its chancel soars the midnight prayer,
Its stillness broken by no earthly thing,
Save when the night-bird wakes the echoes there,
Or the bat flutters its unfeather'd wing.

III.

Here, where I tread perchance, was once the scene
Sway'd by the feudal Chieftains of the spot;
No record lives to tell what they have been,
Their laurels faded and their fame forgot;
Save when some peasant quotes the name of Grace,
Allied to thoughts of noble deeds and days,
To give that ancient and heroic race
The heartfelt tribute of a peasant's praise:
Then sings, in rude but energetic strains,
Some legendary tale of times gone by;
Beholds yon Abbey's desolate remains,
And quotes the annals of her brilliancy;
When to its weed-o'ergrown and roofless nave,
In better days, the poor and sorrowing hied,
And, as the holy fathers solace gave,
Found their griefs softened and their wants supplied.

IV.

But why do I, beneath these clouded skies,
In such a chill and cheerless evening stray,
To sketch the picture Fancy bids arise,
And yield to feelings which I cannot sway?
There is some spell in this dark lonely hour
To wake the spirit of the days gone by,
And ask a tear for perishable power,
And claim for long-departed worth, a sigh.
I will not check the feeling that pourtrays
The deeds and heroes of the olden time,
If Fancy lead my soul to other days,
When they were link'd in song with themes sublime;

N.E. VIEW OF THE MITRED ABBEY OF JERPOINT,

WHICH BEING SUPPRESSED WAS SURRENDERED IN 1540 BY OLIVER GRACE THE LAST LORD ABBOT. — Vid. Monast. Hib. p. 357

When Erin's minstrels slept not in their graves;—
Then, towering to the air, the falcon rose;
The swan majestically stem'd the waves,
And the white lion trampled on his foes[1].

V.

Those days are gone! their glories are no more!
Time has pass'd over them with its dark flood!
When Raymond[2] trod Ierne's peaceful shore,
And left her pathless mountains stain'd with blood:
His bride, the sister of the chief, whose name
Has long been link'd with Erin's tale of woe;
With him he sought the warrior's path to fame,
And wore the wreaths that in her temples grow.
But yet he loved the land his sword had won,
And joy'd to cast away his crimson'd shield;
While even the victor wept, when in the sun
The red dew glisten'd on the battle-field;—
The noble founder of a noble race,
Whose words in council, and whose deeds in war,
Shed the first splendours on the name of Grace,
And bade it, like the watch-fire, beam afar.

VI.

And now Molana[3], where his ashes rest,
Retains the marble that preserves his name,
And still the emerald isle that gems the west,
His deeds remembers, and records his fame.

(1) Allusion is here made to the crests of the three families, who, for some centuries possessed the largest properties and the greatest power in the county of Kilkenny; viz. *Butler*—In a ducal coronet, or; a plume of five ostrich feathers, and thence a falcon arising, all argent. *Walsh*—On a wreath; a swan, the wings addorsed proper, ducally gorged, or, transfixed through the breast with a barbed arrow in an oblique direction, the point appearing above the back. *Grace*—On a wreath; a demi-lion rampant, argent.

(2) Raymond Crassus, or le Gros, al. Raymond Fitz-William de Carew (second son of William Fitz-Gerald de Carew, Lord of Carew in Wales, who was eldest son of Gerald Fitz-Walter de Windsor,) married Basilia de Clare, sister of Richard Strongbow, al. Richard Fitz-Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, by whom he had two sons, viz. William and Maurice; from the former of whom descend the family of Grace, and from the latter that of Fitz-Maurice. The talents and achievements of Raymond were of the most brilliant character. As, in Hannibal's invasion of Italy, Fabius and Marcellus were called the shield and sword of Rome; so was this Chieftain considered both the one and the other, in the Anglo-Norman expedition to Ireland. Nor was he less distinguished for humanity than for wisdom and courage. History indeed scarcely presents, if it does at all present, a more striking instance of that first and most powerful proof of greatness which lies in an ascendancy over other men's minds, than was exhibited by this successful leader. The soldiery, who without him were nothing, with him were every thing; and Earl Strongbow, says Hollinshed, constrained him to become joint Viceroy with himself; an office which he afterwards held singly in 1176. Giraldus Cambrensis calls him "the notable and chiefest pillar of Ireland," and concludes his description of him thus: "Ut autem viri virtutes, mores, et modos, sub brevitate concludam; vir erat liberalis et lenis, providus et prudens. Et quanquam animosus plurimum, et armis instructus, prudentia tamen rebus in Martiis et providentia præcellebat. Vir in utroque laudabilis, multum quidem militis habens, plus quam ducis."

(3) In this ancient abbey, which St. Molanfide founded in the sixth century, Raymond le Gros

Nor does the page of history forget,
His sons, who, like him, were humane and brave;
Fitz-Maurice' name is noble even yet,
Possessing still the country Dermod[1] gave.
While Raymond's elder born enjoyed the land
Where Leinster borders rich Momonia's side,
Which Strongbow granted with Basilia's hand,
A royal dowery with a lovely bride.
But Cambria's plains, their great forefathers' home,
The Grace's heritage not long remained,
For many a rood of land, and goodly dome,
By piety, to Bradenstoke[2] were gained.

VII.

How oft, to sing of warlike Anselm's[3] praise,
The harp has echoed forth its loftiest swell;
Who lives not only in the minstrel lays—
His worth let Brechin and let Stirling tell.

le Gros was buried; but no trace of his monument remains. Recently, however, a tablet commemorating the circumstance, and celebrating his exploits, has been erected by Richard Smith, Esq. of Ballinatra.

(1) Raymond le Gros, having restored Dermoid Mac Carty, the dethroned King of Cork, to his dominions, obtained in return for this important service the grant of a considerable tract of land in the county of Kerry, where he settled his second son Maurice, from whom it received the name of Clan-Maurice. Of this branch it is almost needless to add, that the Marquis of Lansdown, who is also Earl of Kerry, is the representative. Raymond's eldest son, William, not only retained the patronymic of Le Gros (the usual and unerring mark of primogeniture at that period), but succeeded also to his paternal inheritance in Wales, as well as to the lands in Leinster, granted to Raymond by Earl Strongbow, in dower with his sister Basilia. This princely grant consisted of Odrone, Fethard, and Glascarig, in the county of Wexford, and an extensive district in the county of Kilkenny, bordering for several miles the county of Tipperary, in the province of Munster or Momonia, from which it is only separated by the Munster River. The tract thus possessed by Raymond's eldest son constitutes the present Cantred of Grace's Country, in the county of Kilkenny; as that which belonged to his second son does the present Barony of Clan-Maurice, in the county of Kerry.

(2) It has been already stated, that Raymond le Gros was second son of William de Carew, Lord of Carew in Pembrokeshire, where he inherited some lands on the death of his father, in 1169. These, it appears, descended to his eldest son, William le Gros, by whose son they were granted to the priory of Bradenstoke, in the county of Wilts. The charter of donation, as given by Dugdale (Mon. vol. ii. p. 208), is thus headed: "Carta donationis Willielmi Grassi de terra in villa de Wales canonicis, prioratus de Bradenstoke in agro Wiltoniensis, &c." and is witnessed by "Domino Willielmo Marescallo, Comite Pembrokiæ, Willielmo Marescallo filio suo, Willielmo le Gras juniore, Hamone le Gras, Anselmo le Gras, thesaurio Exoniæ. It may be added, that this Anselm le Gras was, in 1230, consecrated Bishop of St. David's in Pembrokeshire, and died in 1247; and also, that David Fitzgerald, uncle to Raymond le Gros, had formerly been bishop of this see, and died in 1176.

(3) In King Edward I.'s expedition to Scotland, several of the chief men of Ireland were summoned to join the royal standard. Among the number was Baron Anselm le Gras, Richard de Burg, second Earl of Ulster (called from his complexion the *red Earl*), and John Fitz-Gerald, Baron of Ophaley, created afterwards, in 1316, Earl of Kildare. The summons to Baron Anselm le Gras, in 1302, on the subject of the Scottish war, is as follows: "Rex dilecto et fideli suo, Anselmo le Gras, salutem—Volentes in omnem eventum circiter finem treugæ quam nuper Scotiis duximus concedentam, si forte pacis reformato interim non procedat, de hominibus ad arma potentibus provideri, et tunc si opus fuerit in expeditione guerre nostro Scotie viriliter procedere, et eam deo prospero possimus finaliter terminare quædam negotia, &c. &c. teste Rege apud Morpeth, xxiii. die Februarii." Rot. claus. de ann. 30 Edw. I. m. 16, in schedula pendenta.

Shall his compatriots 'gainst the vanquish'd Scot,
Ulster's red Earl, be unrecorded here?
Or Ophaley's achievements be forgot,
Whose race to grateful Erin still is dear?
They saw the royal Edward's banner wave
Above them, by the northern breezes fann'd,
And with him none more courteous or more brave
There wore the spur of knight or belted brand.
Then in Dunfermline[4], when the war was o'er,
The Chieftains, resting from the battle-fray,
Shared in the joyous feast, and proudly bore
The trophies of the tournament away.

VIII.

On Ascul's plains was heard the sound of woe;
And, as the gentle Barrow glided by,
All blood-tinged were its waters in their flow,
Where heroes died—but not for victory.
There Hamon[5] perish'd in his flower of days,
While many a fresh wreath bloom'd his temples round,
The warrior-laurel with the minstrel-bays
Entwined, and by the land, he died for, bound.
Oh! sacred be the turf above his breast,
And hallow'd be the spot, almost unknown,
Where fall the parting sun-beams of the west,
And gild the earth, unmark'd by tree or stone!
The grass grows wildly o'er his lowly bed,
And nought but common clay enwraps the brave,
While many, as they o'er his pillow tread,
Know not they trample on a hero's grave.

(4) After King Edward's successful invasion of Scotland in 1303, he passed the winter with his Queen and Court at Dunfermline, where his victories were celebrated with all the martial festivities for which that age of chivalry was remarkable.

(5) The Lord Edward Bruce, brother of Robert king of Scotland, arrived in May 1315, to assert his claim to the Crown of Ireland. He was accompanied by 6000 Scots, and was immediately joined by above 20,000 of the Northern Irish. The first check given to the desolating progress of this horde of merciless savages was by Sir Hamon le Gras; the frequent success and unwearied activity of whose army effectually frustrated their design of seizing and plundering the Capital. A general engagement, however, at length took place; the number of Sir Hamon le Gras' forces scarcely exceeding a fourth of those under the Lord Edward Bruce. The conflict was obstinate and sanguinary; but Sir Hamon being, after much fighting, unfortunately slain, his army fell into confusion, which terminated in defeat. Tradition as well as history has carefully perpetuated the memory of an event, which, at that period, nearly proved of fatal importance to the country. The scene of battle was near Ascul, in the county of Kildare, about a mile N. E. of Athy, situated on the River Barrow; and Sir Hamon le Gras, together with the Lord John de Bonneville, and Sir William Prendergast, were buried in the Dominican Abbey of that town. A very ancient crest of the Grace family, formerly in partial use among some of its branches, is described, in the books of the Office of Arms, to be, a Lion passant, argent, trampling on a Royal Scotch Thistle; in allusion to Sir Hamon le Gras' valour and loyalty, in opposing Lord Edward Bruce's invasion. The crest of the Barons of Courtstown was, a Lion rampant, per fess argent and or; but that of the Ballylinch, or Gracefield family, is a demi Lion rampant, argent.

IX.

But turn awhile to gentler, happier themes:
Not all were deeds of ruthless war, but peace—
As when through darkest clouds the day-star beams—
Would sometimes bid the raging tempest cease.
Almaric[1] loved (when, in this olden time,
Base laws existed, which no longer live)
The fair Tabina:—love was then a crime,
Which only royal favour could forgive.
In Saint John's holy aisle their ashes rest,
Beneath a marble tomb in sculpture fair,
Which, while its base his blazon'd arms exprest,
Did long the martial Baron's image bear:
His hands upon his breast in prayer upraised,
Beneath his feet a couchant talbot lay;
The warrior seem'd as if on heaven he gazed,
While, all-forgotten, earth had pass'd away.

X.

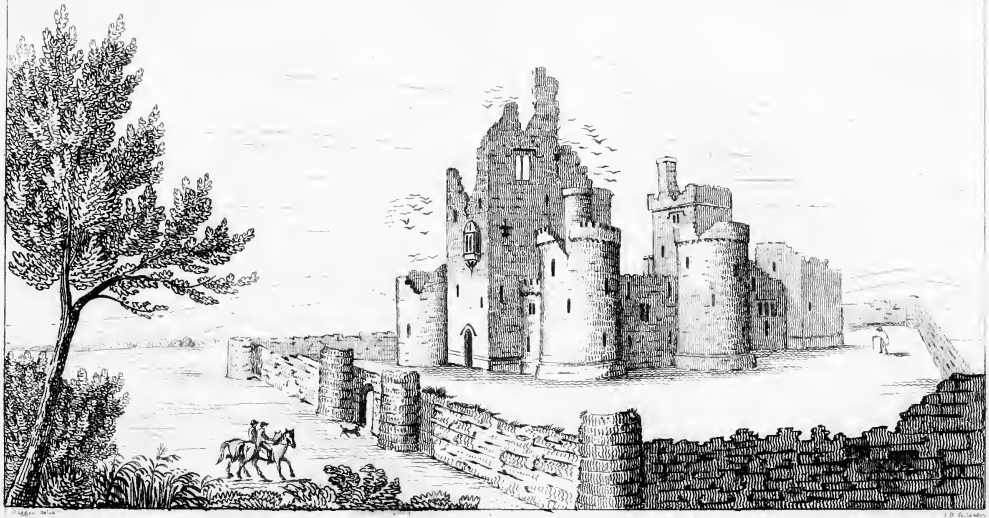
'Midst many Chieftains lived another one,
Endear'd to Erin's stranger-trodden land;——
Oh! 'tis a theme the muse might dwell upon,
And Fancy bid the pensive mind expand.
He loved the daughter of the brave O'More[2],
The blue-eyed Ellen, fair as her own isle,
Before the hue of blood had tinged its shore,
Or war had chased away its placid smile.

(1) On the subject of Baron Almaric Grace's marriage with a daughter of the Dynast of Ikerrin, it may be desirable to observe, that English families and their descendants were sternly prohibited from intermarrying with the native Irish, by an express law, entitled the "Statute of Kilkenny," which deemed it high-treason: and we learn that Thomas Fitz-Gerald, eighth Earl of Desmond, was executed in 1417 "for having broken his allegiance by an Irish alliance and fosterage." This line of policy was for some centuries adhered to by the English Government: and in public documents we find the distinction uniformly made between Irish *Enemies* and English *Rebels*. Thus, Sir John le Gras was empowered by a commission, dated at Naas on the 6th of March, 1381, to assemble and array all the inhabitants of the county of Kilkenny, having temporalities there, to treat with Irish *Enemies* and English *Rebels*, and to muster forces as often as was necessary, &c. &c. The marriage, therefore, here noticed between Baron Almaric Grace and Tibina the daughter of O'Meagher, Prince or Dynast of Ikerrin, necessarily required a particular act of exemption; which is dated at Trim the 28th of December, 8th of Richard II., and runs as follows:—

"Ricardus &c. omnibus Ballivis &c. Sciatis, quod de gratia nostra speciali, et pro meliorationc pacis nostri comitatus Kylkenniensis, concessimus et licentiam dedimus Almarico Gras, Baroni de Gras, quod ipse Tibinam filiam O'Meagher Hibernici suæ nationis Capitanei ducere possit in uxorem, quibuscumque statutis, ordinationibus," &c. &c. Rot. Pat. Cancel. 9o. Ric. 2. m.16.

(2) Sir Oliver Grace (called *Feasog*, the Bearded,) Lord of Grace's Country and Baron of Courtstown, married Ellen, youngest daughter of Anthony O'More, the Dynast or Sovereign of Leix (or Leas); and with Dorothea, the eldest daughter of this Chieftain, Thomas Fitz-Gerald, seventh Earl of Kildare, received in dower the Manors of Rheban and Woodstock: it appears also that another of his daughters was the wife of Bryan Fitz-Patrick, Lord of Upper-Ossory.—The greatness of the O'More's family, previous to the year 1600, may be inferred from the direct alliances it formed with the noble houses of Kildare, Ormond Tyrone, Kingsland, Upper-Ossory, Glanmalyra, and others.—It is stated

in



COURTSTOWN CASTLE, S.E. VIEW.

THE CHIEF SEAT OF THE GRACE-FAMILY ANCIENTLY BARONS OF COURTSTOWN

Then did the minstrel-music breathe again,
To sounds of joy the harp once more was strung;
And, while it struck upon a bolder strain,
The bard the deeds of Leix' brave Dynast sung.
Then hearts were warm within his castle walls,
Where dwelt Sir Oliver, the "bearded" chief;
And Erin joy'd to see, in Courtstown halls,
The rose united to her triple leaf[3].

XI.

His heir, who tarnish'd not his noble name,
And oft protected yonder ruin'd shrine,
Here, with his kinsman, noble Butler, came,
To crush ambition in the Geraldine[4].
'Twas here the "iron-belted John" then hurl'd
The spear, and bore upon his arm the shield;
And here the standard of the Grace unfurl'd,
The white lion rampant on a blood-red field[5].
Alas! the helm that crown'd his manly brow,
The greaves, and corslet, unregarded rust;
The sword he bore, supinely rests; and now
St. Canice[6] towers inclose his noble dust.
And little of the great and brave is known,
Around whose brow was twined the laurel wreath,
Save the few words engraven on a stone,
To tell us who it is that rests beneath.

XII.

Nor let thy last Lord[7], Jerpoint, be forgot,
Whose sorrows teach a lesson man should learn;—
But Fancy leads me to the very spot
From whence he parted, never to return.

in the Dissertations on the Ancient History of Ireland, that "the actions of the O'Mores of Leix might fill a history of considerable extent; nor could the English pale reckon itself secure till their enemies (the O'Mores), were removed, in the reign of Philip and Mary." In civilization, talent, and political consequence, the Dynasts of Leix are said to have greatly surpassed the other native Chieftains; and the ruins of their many splendid religious and military edifices throughout the Queen's County (Leix) evince a degree of taste and munificence highly illustrative of this characteristic preeminence.

(3) It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the "triple leaf" is meant to designate the Shamrock, which is the ancient emblem of Ireland, as the Rose is that of England.

(4) Lord Thomas Fitz-Gerald, afterwards tenth Earl of Kildare, having in 1534 gone into open rebellion, indulged the hereditary feud of his family against the house of Ormond, by laying waste the County of Kilkenny. In these turbulent times of feudal warfare, we find the family of Grace firmly adhering to that of Butler: and it is accordingly stated, that Sir John Grace (called *Crios-iarann*, the Iron-belted), Lord of Grace's Country and Baron of Courtstown, was engaged on the side of Lord James Butler in the battle with Lord Thomas Fitz-Gerald, which took place about midway between Thomastown and the Abbey of Jerpoint.

(5) The armorial bearings of the Grace family are, gules, a lion rampant, per fess argent & or.

(6) Viz. the Cathedral Church of St. Canice in Kilkenny, or St. Canice's Church where the family of Courtstown had their place of interment, though some of them were occasionally buried in Grace's Chapel at Tullaroan.

(7) The last Lord Abbot of Jerpoint was Oliver Grace Fitz-Oliver, a younger brother of Baron

I mark the venerable Abbot stand
Beneath the shadow of his church's towers,
Grasping the wicket in his trembling hand,
Reverting to past scenes of happier hours,
And dwelling on the many years gone by
Since first his young lips breath'd his earliest prayer,
To lisp of Him who lives beyond the sky,
And nurse the hope he might behold him there.
And now he gazes, ere his steps depart,
While earthly feelings wake that long had slept:
Then, with a look which spoke a breaking heart,
He turn'd him from his hallow'd home, and wept.

XIII.

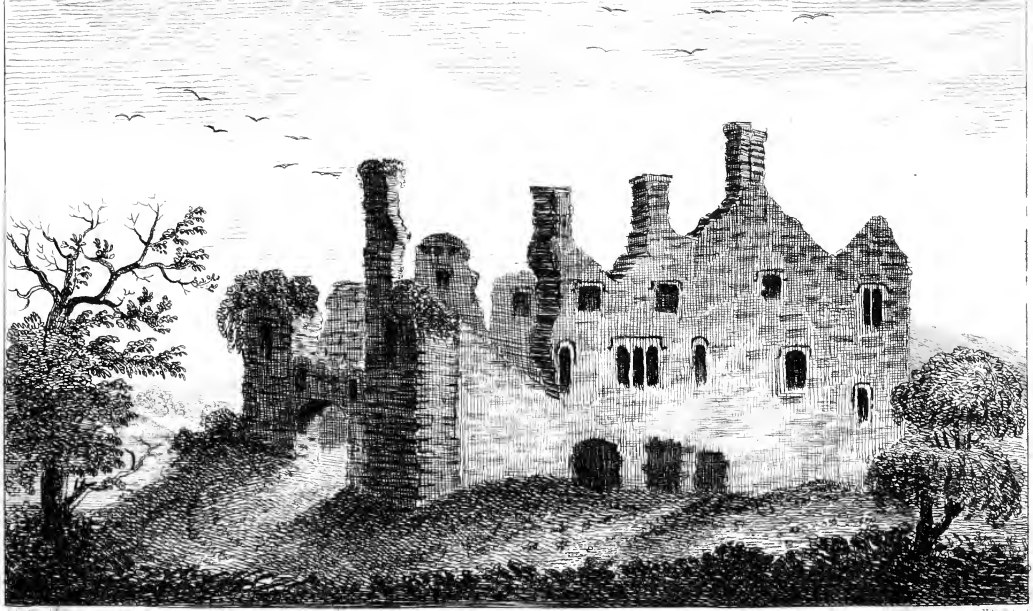
How little dream we, in our days of joy,
That sorrow's stab will reach our bosoms yet,
And wound the heart it cannot all destroy,
When the bright sun of early hopes is set
Who that had seen the Abbot in his power,
Lord of a palace and a rich domain,
Had thought that time would bring a blighting hour,
And prove that all his honours bloom'd in vain?
Oh! what is man? even in his brightest day,
An insect whom the summer sun gives birth,
To bask and perish in the solar ray,
Then sink again into his kindred earth.
But he whose good deeds form his monument,
Whose heart the world may wound, but not defile,
To whom Heaven's image not in vain is lent,
May still, amid the wreck of Nature, smile.

XIV.

Forget not him—while many a noble name
The memory of the spot I tread, supplies—
Who to the sacred fount of learning came,
And gain'd the appellation of "the wise,"
The founder of "the Leagans[1]," honour'd line,
Whose name is unforgotten even now,
When war unfurl'd his standard, sought to twine
The olive-branch around his country's brow.

Baron John (*Crior-iarann*) Grace, and Uncle both to Baron John (*More*) Grace of Courtstown, and to Sir Oliver (*Cialmhar*) Grace of Legan, Ballylinch, and Carney, each of whom were men of considerable note in their time. He enjoyed the privileges of a peer of Parliament, and the plentiful revenues of one of the most splendid Abbeys in the kingdom were at his command. On the suppression of this religious house in 1540, the Abbot and Monks were expelled, and thrown upon the world, with the dole of a scanty and precarious pittance for their subsistence.

(1) Sir Oliver Grace (called *Cialmhar*, The Wise) of Leagan Castle &c. was a younger son



BALLYLINCH CASTLE, N.W. VIEW.

Rewarded by his regal Mistress, long
He bore the honours he had earn'd so well;
And still the herald's list and minstrel's song
The deeds and virtues of "Ciallmhar" tell.
And now within yon abbey-towers he sleeps;—
But oft the peasant, wandering through its walls,
Upon the grave, that holds his ashes, weeps,
And the high name, his fathers loved, recalls.

XV.

Mourn for thy Chieftain, Ballylinch[2]! the field,
The battle-field, where met the young and brave!
That sun which shone o'er many a broken shield
Gleam'd o'er thy youthful Gerald's[3] soldier-grave.
There, by his kinsman bold Mountgarret's side,
While o'er the crimson'd plain high waved their crests,
There, as a soldier loves to die, he died;
There, where a soldier loves to rest, he rests.
Oh! weep for him; and let the minstrel strains
To other times his worth and valour tell!—
Kilrush! Kilrush! accursed be thy plains,
Where the bright star of Grace's lineage fell!—

son of Sir John Grace (called *Crios-iarann*, the Iron-belted), Lord of Grace's Country and Baron of Courtstown. "*Grasagh ciallmhar an Leagan*" (The wise Grace of the Leagan), furnishes in this neighbourhood, even to the present day, subject for a comparison, and material for a proverb. His services to the Crown are noticed in Sir Henry Sidney's State Letters; and Queen Elizabeth, in 1563, granted the site, estates, and livings in the counties of Tipperary, Kilkenny, the King's County, and elsewhere, of the dissolved Priory of St. John, near Nenagh, to Sir Oliver Grace of "the Leagan," to be held by the sole tenure of homage and fealty, with remainder to his issue male by Mary, sister of Maurice Lord Viscount Decies, and daughter of Sir Gerald Fitz-Gerald, third Lord of Decies, by Ellice, daughter of Pierce Butler, eighth Earl of Ormond. He died about 1580; and was interred in Jerpoint Abbey, where his wife, who died in 1605, was also buried.

(2) "The primitive choice," says Gibbon, "of every word must have had a cause and a meaning;" an observation which the significancy of the Celtic language strikingly exemplifies. In Ireland as in Wales, the original denominations of places are uniformly descriptive of their topography, unless where altered by some strong effort of human exertion, or by some extraordinary revulsion of the laws of nature. Thus Bally-Inch (sometimes corruptly called Ballyhinch as well as Ballylinch) *i.e.* 'the peninsulated townland,' or 'the dwelling-place of the peninsula,' obtained its name from the large curve or bend of the river Nore, commencing on the north between Killerney and the junction of the Oon-Righ or King's-river, and terminating on the south, a little beyond Thomastown. The whole tract of land here encompassed on three sides by this great sweep was formerly known by the general name of Bally-Inch, though parts of it are now exclusively recognized by its sub-denominations.

(3) Gerald Grace, of Ballylinch, Leagan and Carney Castles, was son of Oliver Grace of Ballylinch &c. (who dying in 1626, was interred at Jerpoint Abbey), by his wife, Margaret Butler, daughter of Edmund, second Viscount Mountgarret, and sister of Richard the third Viscount. It is well known that this last nobleman was President of the Supreme Council of Catholics, and Commander-in-chief of their army which was defeated in 1642, with great slaughter, at Kilrush, in the county of Kildare. Lord Mountgarret was accompanied by his nephew, Gerald Grace, who was slain in the battle; and also by his kinsmen, the Lords Ikerrin, Dunboyne, Loughmoe, Sir Morgan Kavanagh, and others.

But tranquilly the youthful warrior sleeps,
And on his grave the lark has built her nest,
While o'er the hero's head the willow weeps,
And many a floweret blooms above his breast.

XVI.

But, when the battle, vainly fought, was o'er,
And the bright sun had drunk the hero's blood;
When his heart beat with youthful hope no more,
Its life-stream mingled with the passing flood;
The democratic Despot[1] seized the land
Of him who, fighting for his country, fell:—
'Tis melancholy, that the spoiler's hand
Can touch the temple where the free should dwell!
Then, Leix[2], thy plains received the injured race,
Denied the shelter of their castle walls;
And Gracefield, thy sweet spot, their resting-place;—
They grieve no longer for their ancient halls.
There, tranquil Arles[3], on thy wood-crown'd hill,
Beneath whose base thy waters, Barrow! spread,
The hallow'd Mausoleum stands, and still
Inurns the honour'd ashes of the dead.—

XVII.

But other feelings rise to speak of him,
The splendours of whose virtues gild the Grace;
The lustre on the warrior's sword grows dim,
And the proud statesman's honours, years efface;

(1) On the death of Gerald Grace (slain at Kilrush), Oliver Cromwell seized the estates of the Ballylinch family, in the counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary, and also in the King's and Queen's Counties, containing above seventeen thousand acres of land, and sixteen rectories, which he distributed among his followers. The loss of this great patrimony was soon afterwards rendered irretrievable, by the Act of Settlement, which, on the Restoration, secured to the grantees of Cromwell, with some few exceptions, whatever possessions they then enjoyed. A very ancient and curious original MS. contains the following extract relative to the Kilkenny Estates, "Ballylinch, Leagan, Raduth, Killearney, Fussamacuda, Grace's-Court, Thomastowne, and Aghaviller, were at the same tyme given to the Captaines Rogers and Joyner. Sir John Barlowy had some interest in the said lands from Captain Joyner, but reconveyed the same to Joyner, who was cook to King Charless, tho' not his friend; wherefore to secure said estate hee conveyed it to his brother-in-law, Col. Daniel Redmonds, who gave Ballylinch and Legan to his daughter the Lady Ikerin, and the remainder to his other daughter marryed to Sir John Meade."

"Capt. Rogers gave Killearney and Raduth to one Myhell, on a marriage of Rogers his daughter to Myhell."

(2) The Queen's County was formed in 1557, out of the great territory of Leix (or Leas), of which the O'Mores were Lords; and obtained its present appellation in compliment to Queen Mary, the reigning Sovereign. The King's County was also so denominated from her Consort, King Philip. Hence also was the County town of the former called Maryborough; and that of the latter, Philipstown.

(3) The picturesque little village of Arles is distant about two miles south of Gracefield; and the only building within the ancient limits of its Church-yard is the Grace Mausoleum, embosomed in venerable trees of great size. This burial-place occupies the highest point of an arm or promontory of the Sleivemarigue Hills, that stretches into the spacious vale through which the river Barrow pursues its way to the town of Carlow, and is distinguishable from Rathcoole in the County of Dublin, distant above 36 miles.

Sculpsit Rob Grave fc.

LIVER GRACE OF SHANGA-NAGH (NOW GRACEFIELD) ESQR.

M.P. CHIEF REMEMBRANCER OF THE EX-CHEQUER &c, SON OF WILLIAM GRACE OF BALLYLINCH CASTLE AND OF THE HON ELEANOR BUTLER OF GALMOY

OB 1708 ÆT 47

CONCORDIA CUNCTIS VINCIT

B.G.

But time can never blot a virtuous deed;
And his of Shanganagh[4] shines bright and fair:
He little reck'd his adversary's creed,
Who sought his hearth, and found protection there.
The children loved him, and their parents bless'd
The hand that fed their offspring: even his foes
(Foes only in the field of war) attest
His worth, whose heart in danger did not close,
But open'd like that fair and fragrant flower[5],
Which, leaving other blooms to deck the light;
Shines not, unfolding, in the sunny hour,
But gives its sweets and beauty to the night.

(4) Oliver Grace of Shanganagh (now Gracefield) was the son of William Grace, denominated of Ballylinch, and the grandson of Gerald Grace, who accompanied, as already noticed, his Uncle, the Lord Mountgarret, to the battle of Kilrush, where he was slain in 1642. At the period of the Revolution, Oliver Grace held the high office of Chief Remembrancer of the Exchequer, and was also of King James's Privy Council, and a member of his Parliament. But during the short gleam of prosperity his party enjoyed, though thus officially circumstanced, he threw open his house at Shanganagh, as a place of sure refuge to the helpless wives and children of the absent Protestants. This service, so valuable at such a season, was gratefully acknowledged in the petition of the Protestant Gentry of the Queen's County to King William, that its beneficent author should be exempted from the penalties incurred by his attachment to the fortunes of the fallen Prince. It is but just to King William's memory, to add, that with the prayer of this petition he not only immediately complied, but expressed his satisfaction at being enabled so to do, in favour of conduct so honourable and humane. He died in 1708, aged 47, and is interred in the Grace Mausoleum at Aries. The conduct also of Colonel Richard Grace of Moyelly Castle, while Governor of Athlone, is further illustrative of the feelings by which men of sense, of honour, and of principle, to whatever party they belong, always are, and always must be, influenced. In King James's Memoirs, edited by Clarke, it is stated, that "Colonel Richard Grace, after having served "the late King Charles till the surrender of Oxford, then going over into Ireland, had "there served King Charles II. so long as any part of that island held out for him: "when that war was ended, he obtained leave from the English rebels to carry over a "regiment into Spain of his own countrymen, consisting of twelve hundred fine effec- "tive men." He appears, by Heath's Chronicle, to have been the last person of note who resisted the power of Cromwell; and his individual importance may be gathered from a rudely-executed engraving, under which is written, "The pourtraiture of Collonell "Richard Grace, now utterly routed by the coragious Coll. Sanckey,"—"are to be "sould by J. Smith in Back layne, 1652."—We find, in Strean's account of Athlone, that "during the Usurpation of Cromwell, Colonel Grace had been for many years the "Chamberlain to King James while Duke of York. When the Duke, in 1655, took refuge "in the Spanish territories, he alone was confided with the secret of his sudden journey, "and accompanied him. He also attended him to Breda, when his brother, Charles II. "was recalled from thence, in 1660, to his dominions. And it appears, by a letter still "extant, acknowledging the receipt of a thousand gold pieces from John Grace of "Courtstown in the County of Kilkenny, for the use of the exiled princes, that "his royal master, during that period, treated him with the familiarity of an equal "rather than the reserve of a sovereign. Hence arose that warm attachment to his "person, and those indefatigable exertions in his service, that so preeminently distin- "guished him on all occasions."—"His conduct to the Protestant inhabitants of the "district (Athlone) under his command is said to have been so singularly humane and "just, as to bring censure upon him, for granting them protections too profusely, and "administering to them justice too impartially. Hence it was that, till the arrival of "General Douglas, this neighbourhood enjoyed a degree of tranquillity unknown "elsewhere. The lifeless bodies of ten of his soldiers, executed together beyond the "walls of the town, proclaimed his determination to repress military outrages: but "though the severity of his discipline was contrasted with the prevailing licentiousness "of the Irish army, he nevertheless possessed, in an eminent degree, the affections as "well as the confidence of his soldiers."

(5) The great night-blowing Cereus begins to open between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, is fully blown by eleven, and by three or four in the morning it fades, and hangs down quite decayed. It is likewise singularly beautiful, odoriferous, and magnificent, and the calix when open is a foot in diameter.

XVIII.

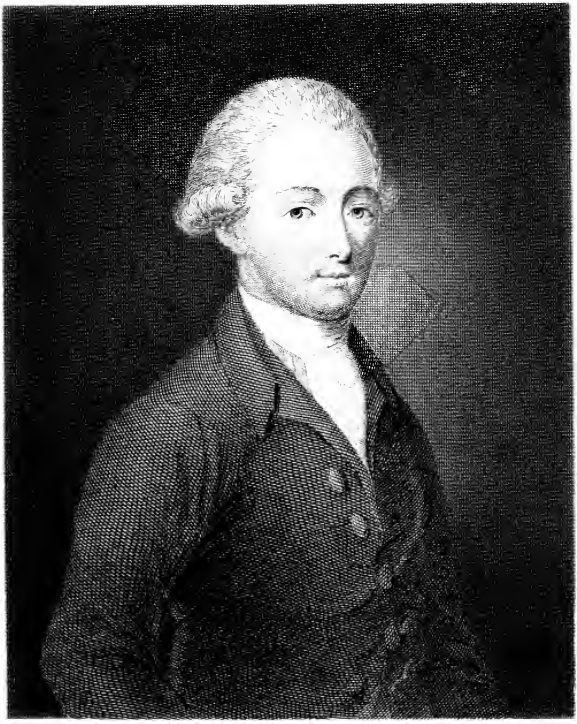
Oh! can the good, be forgot,
When virtue claims the tribute of the Muse;
And he of Boley[1] be remember'd not,
While many a tearful eye his tomb bedews?—
There Genius loves his station still to keep,
And dignify the tomb affection rears;
There Piety bends o'er the spot to weep;
And Pity gems his sepulchre with tears.
There the lone mother brings her infant child,
There breathes the woe-fraught accents of distress,
For him, beneath whose smile the widow smiled,
For him, the father to the fatherless.
The peasants loved their master as their sire,
And grieve for him as for a parent dead;
They mourn him, whom to know was to admire;
And bless him, as his grave they lightly tread.

XIX.

Who, when Rebellion rear'd her wither'd form,
And pour'd her baneful stream on noblest hearts—
Hearts kind by nature, and by country warm—
Disarm'd the dæmon of her poison'd darts?
Who in the Senate gave his country laws?
And who, when Discord levell'd at her weal,
Stood forth the champion of his country's cause,
And hallowed language with the patriot's[2] zeal?

(1) Richard Grace, of Boley, M.P. was son of William Grace, who was third son of Michael Grace, of Gracefield. He died at Southville, on Friday the 9th of January, 1801, aged 40; and is interred in the Grace Mausoleum at Arles; leaving issue, by Jane, daughter of the Honourable John Evans of Bulgaden Hall, three sons; viz. Sir William Grace, Bart.; Sheffield Grace, of Lincoln's Inn, F.S.A. formerly of Winchester College, and afterwards of St. Mary Hall, Oxford; and Percy Grace, a Captain in the Royal Navy, commanding his Majesty's ship Cyrene.

(2) The term *patriot* has undoubtedly been debased in a promiscuous circulation; but be it remembered, that while it retains its sterling value, the medal is the proudest upon which the name of man can be impressed. Be it likewise remembered, that the same term bears no *necessary* connection with political interferences; for he is the best of patriots by whom the brightest example of all the domestic virtues is exhibited. In the present instance, the public services of this gentleman, at a very disastrous period, were of no ordinary kind; and must be regarded with the more complacency, as having been not enforced by violence, but rendered efficacious by the milder influence of an affectionate authority. His zeal to suppress the rebellion of 1798, both in his military and private character, though tempered by humanity and governed by law, was perhaps, in solid results, unequalled. The love and veneration which the whole tenor of his conduct had previously established among a people warm-hearted and grateful, when gratitude is deserved, so influenced his exhortations, that he recovered from them seven hundred stand of arms, in the sincerity of their repentance. This important proof of contrition, strengthened by their subsequent good conduct, enabled him to obtain a full pardon and security for their lives and property, which their delusions had forfeited. His disinterested parliamentary conduct likewise contributed to this influence, as well as the practice



T. L. Macklinsch, pinx. lith. in

Rob Grace, sculp.

SHEFFIELD GRACE ESQR. F.S.A.

SECOND SON OF RICHARD GRACE OF BOLEY, M.P.

AND OF JANE EVANS OF BULGADEN HALL.

VISENS 1820.

CONCORDANT NOMINE FACTA

№ 65.

'Twas Richard Grace!—and if a noble mind,
A genius brilliant, and a heart sincere,
If feelings soften'd, and if taste refined,
Gone from us, claim the tributary tear,
We weep for him. That tear can never cease,
Which flows when virtue's mortal course is o'er;
When the earth's excellent depart in peace,
And, fading from us, are beheld no more.

XX.

Yet with him perish'd not the name of Grace:
His Son [3], to whom my muse inscribes her lays,
Bears with the name the virtues of his race,
And claims a portion of the muse's praise.
Long may he tread the path his sires have trod,
Like them to deck his brow with wreaths of fame!
And when he sleeps beneath the clay-cold sod,
The bard shall eulogize his honour'd name.—
Yet blame him not, if, while he breathes the lay
To worth departed, ere his efforts end,
He seeks—though weak those efforts be—to pay
The tribute of affection to his friend;
That hallow'd name round every heart entwines,
And all the feelings of the soul awake;—
Sheffield! thou wilt accept these nerveless lines—
Deem kindly of them for the minstrel's sake.

XXI.

But my thoughts wander:——I again retrace
The path from whence those feelings led astray,
Now I have paid that tribute to the Grace,
Which still is claim'd by grandeur in decay.

practice in his domestic circle of an active and well-regulated benevolence. In a year of general dearth, but too well remembered through the country, his extensive and (in proportion to his property) splendid charity was of the most decisive service to a distressed population: nearly five hundred people were indebted to him for their daily supply of food, throughout this trying season. But it seemed good to that Being who measures out time at his pleasure, to limit his days to the short period of forty years. It is melancholy to reflect, that a man so gifted, so adorned, so active in the cause of virtue, so eminently valuable in every relation of life, should have been so immaturely lost to his country. Wealth and poverty, youth and age, testified, in a funeral procession of nearly 10,000 people, the liveliest sentiments of love, esteem, and gratitude. It was, indeed, scarcely possible to approach him, uninfluenced by the captivating powers with which he was so peculiarly gifted. His prepossessing appearance of person, refinement of manners, brilliancy of talent, and extent of knowledge, were as untainted by affectation, as his beneficence was unsullied by display, his morality by ostentation, or his religion by bigotry. In him the character of an accomplished gentleman was unequivocally exemplified, and the duties of a virtuous citizen conscientiously discharged.

(3) Sheffield Grace, Esq. F.S.A. the second son of Richard Grace, of Boley, M.P. —See the two preceding notes.

And if my fancy has been with them long,
  And with their former greatness—now gone by,
It is the minstrel's pride to breathe in song
  Of deeds and heroes that should never die.
And if no longer Rulers in the land;
  Their ancient power and splendour traced alone
In ruins, touch'd by Time's unsparing hand,
  O'er which the plough has pass'd, or weeds have grown;
Yet they are numberless[1]; and o'er each scene
  Exist the broken walls of castles fair,
To tell what Courtstown's Barons once have been,
  And what the Lords of Grace's Country[2] were.

XXII.

No more the banners o'er their ramparts wave,
  Or lead their Chieftains onward to the fight,
Where die the vanquish'd, or exult the brave,
  For victory—basking in its worshipp'd light.
Gone are the heroes of the days of yore;
  Their enemies, like them, have felt decay;
The Chiefs of Ossory, and Leix' O'More[3],
  Are mingled in the dust with common clay.

(1) Among the Castles built by different branches of the Grace Family, the Ruins are still standing of those of Inchmore, Gaulstown, Tubrid, Rathely-Grace, and Killaghy in the barony of Cranagh and in Grace's Country; of Ballylinch, Killerney, and Leagan near Thomastown; of Agheviller near Knocktopher; of Grace Castle near Castletown in the Queen's County; of Grace-Town Castle near Kellenaule; of Grace Castle near Clogheen; of Carney Castle near Nenagh; of Brittas Castle near Thurles, and of Uskane in the county of Tipperary; of Castle Grace near Tullow, county of Carlow: and there have been, doubtless, many others belonging to this family, throughout their extensive possessions, of which no vestiges remain. Time and innovation have, however, hitherto spared the foregoing venerable landmarks of towering greatness and mighty ruin.

(2) Grace's Country comprehends the barony of Cranagh; and extends northwards, by the liberties of Kilkenny and the river Nore, to the borders of the Queen's County; and thence southwards, along the borders of Tipperary and the Munster-river, to the liberties of Callan; forming a district between eleven and twelve miles in length, and between five and six in breadth. The attachment of the last baron of Courtstown to the House of Stuart, at the period of the Revolution, induced the loss of all that then remained to the family of this ancient and princely patrimony. According to the analysis of the Down Survey, the forfeiture on that occasion, of estates in this county and elsewhere, amounted to 32,870 acres of land.

(3) Among the peasantry of Grace's Country, many traditionary tales, both in prose and verse, are still preserved, illustrative of scenes of feudal warfare between the Barons of Courtstown and the royal Milesian Septs of the Fitz-Patricks of Ossory, and the O'Mores of Leix (or Leas). The tales of these exploits are the tales most dear to the descendants of the combatants engaged in these encounters; and, with a filial piety of forgetfulness, they cannot remember one single occasion upon which they were ever worsted. There are also other Poems still extant in the Irish language, of a more domestic character, commemorating births, deaths, marriages, feasts, hunting, and other occurrences of the Grace family. Several of these traditionary effusions have been transcribed from their oral sources, and are far from being destitute of merit. The peculiarity of their style is remarkable for that excessive luxuriance of figurative language and hyperbole of expression which characterize the Poetry of Ossian. The peasantry of the Walsh mountains, in this neighbourhood, could furnish many a weapon to those who contend that Ireland is the birth-place of the ancient bard.

S&W. SIDES OF THE TOMB OF SIR JOHN GRACE BARON OF COURTSTOWN.

ROSSIBERCON MONASTERY, S.E. view.

Nor now through Tullaroan's[4] sacred aisles
The holy fathers meditating tread;
Or Rossibercon near the waters smiles;
Or o'er the vale Rathely lifts its head.
The wonted minstrel in Killerney's halls
Awakes no more his lone harp's tuneless string;
No longer now from Inchmore's echoing walls
The sounds of revelry and rapture spring.

XXIII.

But mark where yonder dusky clouds roll on,
To cast a darker shade on all below!
Now that the minstrels of the woods are gone,
The stream makes lonely music in its flow:
Thy stream, thou lovely river! thine, sweet Nore!
Flowing, though all around thee feel decay;
Thy banks still verdant as in days of yore;
Through the same plains thy crystal waters stray;
Still through the same untrodden pathway glide,
On to the trackless ocean's silver shore,
Till, mingling with the dark and briny tide,
Its clear and taintless nature is no more.—
How like each early hope, each infant thought!
When the young heart like yonder stream could stray,
Till from the world its spotless hue has caught
The taint and tinge of sorrow on its way.

(4) A small Friary was founded by the Grace Family at *Tullaroan*, in Grace's Country, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The foundation walls, situated to the south of Tullaroan church and Grace's chapel, are now scarcely discernible, though it appears that part of the eastern window was standing when Mr. Anthony Chearnley, of Burnt Court, formed his collection of views from ancient remains, about the year 1750. It is said to have been a dependent Cell on the great Dominican Priory of *Rossibercon*; conjointly founded in 1267, by the families of Grace and Walsh. The monastic ruins of Rossibercon are singularly picturesque and attractive. From the lofty tower of the church, supported on four pointed arches, and adorned with pinnacles, an arcade extends, formed by the interior south wall of the aisle, containing five Gothic arches of noble dimensions, over which are ten windows, each divided by mullions, and terminating in circular tops. Other less interesting remains, together with numerous tomb-stones, are dispersed around. But to the adjoining scene, as connected with this monastery, must be attributed the chief attraction. Seated on the river Barrow, which here magnificently expands, and is navigable for ships of considerable size, the eye contemplates, through a lofty row of ivy-covered arches, the larger vessels occasionally passing in full sail, amongst the scattered and almost motionless specks of fishing-boats. To this animated scene a noble back-ground is furnished by the town of Ross, which occupies the side of a precipitous hill, majestically crowned by the extensive and venerable ruins of the great conventual church and monastery of St. Saviour. The interspersion also of trees in the gardens through the town, and about the cottages in its outskirts, even down to the water edge, contribute to the enlivening variety of the picture. It is indeed scarcely possible to imagine a happier or more eloquent or more impressive combination of circumstances than this grouping presents, for the pencil of the artist, the reasoning of the philosopher, or the reflections of the moralist to pause upon. The eastern window, gable-end, and side walls of the church of *Rathely-Grace*, in the Barony of Cranagh and Grace's Country, is still standing. This very ancient structure of the Grace Family measures, internally, 30 feet in length, by 18 in breadth.—*Killerney* was a seat of the Graces of Ballylinch Castle; and *Inchmore*, situated in Grace's Country, was formerly a residence of considerable note, belonging to the Barons of Courtstown.

XXIV.

O Night! how many a thing we learn from thee—
Mother of contemplation! we may gaze
Through thy deep curtains on the Deity,
With eyes unblinded by the sun's bright blaze.
Oh, nurse of fancy! on thy spotless wing,
When in thy holy west the day-beam falls
To happier, brighter worlds, the soul may spring,
And leave the day to its ephemerals.
How oft, when thou wert passing o'er the earth,
And trampling Nature's fairest on thy way,
Thy shadows gave my pensive feelings birth,
And I have loved in thy lone hour to stray!
Thy coronet was gemm'd with worlds of light,
By distance soften'd; and thy sable dress
Was sparkled o'er by orbs, that beam'd so bright,
As they were conscious of thy loveliness.

XXV.

But now it seems as 'twere thy mourning hour;
The dew, thou weep'st, falls heavily around;
And Nature feels not thy refreshing power,
Give trees their bloom and verdure to the ground.
Farewell!—all chill and cheerless as thou art,
Thy clouds hang o'er yon fane; whose fallen state—
How true an emblem of the human heart!
Which, once deserted, soon is desolate.——
Farewell!—those relics of the days gone by,
Have waken'd feelings which thy shadowy reign
Has call'd forth into being; and thy sky,
Though dark, I have not gaz'd upon in vain.——
Farewell!—yon ruin'd tower and broken wall,
Near which on many an eve I've loved to stray,
Teach me, that thus our proudest hopes must fall,
And leave us, time-worn, darkly to decay.

Tír na n-grasa. *

A tír na n-grása is alun suide duit,
As fada 'sas farsing do leatan do daoine,
O bruać Uisce na feórać caoile
Do ċeantair Múmain na máiġ bórdmine,
Is as súd teas do taob aba muimne
Go Cíllċoine a dtuad rug buad o naoimde.

As leatan do bánta as glas a bféurtaib,
Is bán iad do Chnuic le hiomad a dtréadaib,
As alun do ċranaib a gcoill sa reiġteać,
Is fada 'isasfarsíng do leataid a ngeugaib,
Do ġortaib mar ór san bfoimar le féacuint
Aig fógra farsingeair ġasraan tsaotair.
Go croisdalać rítid do ṙrotaib 'nagleanta,
Go hiomadać lingid a néisgib annta
An ruadpoc is dian da ṙiać ad ṙléibte,
San sionać san míol da gclaoidċan taobleis
As sgeimeać do ṙuide is do tír lé féaċuint,
Is torrtać do talaṁ o taitneaṁ na gréine,
Is leatsa gać raiṫ air talaṁ is féidir,
Is gać mór maitios da dtigin san tsaoġal so,

* See p. 596, Vol. III. of the Statistical Survey of Ireland, by Wm. Shaw Mason, Esq.

Ag̃ mo ċṙeaċ bṗóṫ ir ċúṁaḋ mo ċṙaoiḋe e:
Ar ṗaḋa na maiṗ ṗaoi ġlaḋaiṁ do ṡaoiḋe
Luṫ̃ a naoiṁḋe ran ċaṁṗḷoṁ do ċṙaoċa,
Luṫ̃ leóṁa na dṫeóṁ ran éṁṗleaċ,
Luṫ̃ ġaṁġe agaṁ ṗeaṗḋaċt do ḋéanaṁ:
Ir buaḋ caṫa aṁṗ an maċaiṁṗe cṙaoṁaġ,
Luṫ̃ na ġcaṁṗleán ceann aṁḋ aoṁaṁ,
Luṫ̃ na Wainṁṫṙeaċa beannuiġṫe ḋéanaṁ,
Luṫ̃ na n-ḋúnta agaṁ cúṁṗaiṫṁe ġléuṫa,
Waṁ a mbíoċ taṫuiġe aiġ ṗlaṫuiġe cum ṗé ṫ
Waṁ a ṗṗleaġaḋaoiṁ an ḃaṙcaṁaiḃ óiṫa,
Ṗíonta ṗaṁṁṙiṁġe ḋob ṗaḋa ċaṁ boċna,
Aṁṁ háṁuiḋe bana buḋ ġnaṫ an ċóiṁ ṁn:
Ṡ bṗáiṁe an ṁnce ṗaoi meṙóiṁ le ceóṁa,
Aiġ eiṙḋeaṙ ḋánta o baṁḃ ceaṁṫ éṁṗean,
Ir ṗeancaṁ ṗṁṁ aṁṁ ġnáṁaiṫa Réṁann,
Aṁ Ceaṁ óṁḋeaṁṁc doṁ iṁóṁ ṗuṁ ġṁáṙaċ,
Aṁṁ dtuiṁ ṗuaiṁ ṗeaṁann ir ṗealḃ ṗan ṁaiṫṙo;
Aṁ tṁaiḋ ġluaiṁ an ġaṁġḋeaċ go moṁḃuiḋ-
ṁ taṁ taoiḋe,
'S do ṗuaiṁ ḋúṫaḋ agaṁ clu ḋa ḋaoiṁe.

TRANSLATION.

Grace's Country,

Country of Grace! by heav'n divinely plann'd!
Well till'd and peopled is thy fertile land,
From narrow Nore's bright stream extended wide,
By level Munster's gay and flow'ry side,
Thence, (wid'ning far, where Munster-river flows)
To fam'd Kilkenny,——powerful o'er its foes.

Thy fields are spacious, and thy meadows green,
And snow-white lambkins gambol o'er the scene,
Thy groves delightful, decorate each glade,
And widely spreading, form a grateful shade,
While wavy autumn gilds the fruitful soil,
To recompence the hind's industrious toil.

Through golden vales, thy crystal riv'lets flow,
There silv'ry fishes leap and sport below:
With hounds and horn chas'd o'er the mountain's height,
Thy native roe-buck flies from morn till night;
And fox and hare, the nimblest of their race,
Are hunted down, and wearied in the chace.

Country of Grace! by heav'n divinely plann'd!
A cloudless sun illumes thy smiling land;
Each good is thine, that nature can bestow,
And ev'ry blessing that's enjoy'd below.——
But ah! what woes these iron times impart:
Woes that must sadden ev'ry grateful heart.

Ill fated land! thy joyous days are o'er,
Thy good, thy generous chieftains are no more,
Whose mighty arm pour'd vengeance on the foe,
Who laid th' invader in the battle low,
Whose hardy valour ne'er was known to yield,
But triumph'd ever, in the ensanguined field.

Whose castle-towers in feudal splendor rise,
Whose sacred abbies glisten to the skies;
Who rear'd the fort, and rear'd the palace halls,
Where festal merriment, oft rung the walls,
Where mant'ling wine in golden cups went round,
And Erin's harp pour'd forth its silver sound.

Where ceased the dance, the tuneful harper done,
A minstrel sung the praise by Raymond won,
Illustrious Raymond, author of that race,
Which settling here, first took the name of Grace,
When to Ierne's shores the warrior came,
And crown'd his followers with immortal fame.

OTTAVA RIMA.

TO COMMEMORATE

THE KING'S PUBLIC ENTRY

INTO DUBLIN,

AUGUST 17, 1821.

"He smileth on the Arts, and they flourish.—*Dodsley.*

"When I forget my King, may God forget me.—*Lord Thurlow.*

Dublin:

PRINTED BY CHRISTOPHER BENTHAM,

FOR

C. P. ARCHER BOOKSELLER TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

SOLD ALSO BY

B. DUGDALE, HODGES AND M'ARTHUR, M. KEENE, M. N. MAHON, R. M. TIMS, AND A. WATSON.

1821.

IN TESTIMONY OF

RESPECT AND ADMIRATION,

FOR HIS CHARACTER

AS A STATESMAN AND A POET,

THIS PRODUCTION IS DEDICATED TO

JOHN WILSON CROKER, ESQ.

BY ONE WHO CONCEIVES IT

THE HIGHEST HONOUR

TO BE

HIS COUNTRYMAN.

READER.—Will you accept an apology in plain prose, and believe the word of a Poet?—It may soften your heart a little, if inclined to play the Critic, when he tells you, this "humble effort" was composed and written in less than a fortnight, at a time too, when his Muse could only visit him by candle-light; and that, as the latter part was not written until after the former was at press, it may often happen that the "first should have been last, and the last should have been first."

Dublin, August 27, 1821.

OTTAVA RIMA.

&c.

I.

Alas! my bark is on a dangerous sea,
But now 'tis launched, I'll even let it go;
Ere long, amid the breakers it may be,
While breath of Critics fan it to and fro;
And it may never harbour tranquilly
Where vainly billows toss and tempests blow;
It must endure the pelting of the storm,
While every angry breeze will spoil its form.

II.

Now to the "subject matter" of my song—
(Except about myself a word or two,
Which I most humbly hope will not be wrong.
What use are laurels, if one knows not who
It is "hath won them well, and worn them long?"
They might as well fade, wither, where they grew.—
No: if they deck my brow, they shall not die,
Like desert violets, in obscurity.)

III.

Pardon this long parenthesis.—With joy,
With more than joy, I welcome to our land
The KING,—and give my idle Muse employ;—
The first whose foot imprinted ERIN's strand,
Who came not to deface, deform, destroy;
The first who came not with a blood-red hand;
The first to bring the olive-branch of Peace;
The first to bid the war of Breth'ren cease.

IV.

I strive a Nation's feelings to express,
Nor unregarded let them pass me by:
I am not one of those joy cannot bless,
Who, gazing, gaze on all indifferently;
Or, at each scene, cry "all is barrenness!"—
And so it is, to those whose jaundiced eye
Strives to make all disgusting to the view,
And tinges Nature with a sickening hue.

V.

No: when I listen to the People's voice,
Still, still the herald of the People's hearts,
And hear them bless the Monarch of their choice,
Say, if indifference brighter joy imparts—
If those whose bosoms glow not, can rejoice
With higher pleasure in the Stoic's arts—
Than feeling working in the Enthusiast's breast,
That "will not be commanded" or suppress'd.

VI.

No.—But methinks I hear you say, ‘ enough of
First person singular of’—what’s the case?
But, faith, my Muse is striving still to puff off
Her Master, looking forward to a place;
Hoping, above all else, a “ *quantum suff.*” of
Fame, for which many run a fruitless race;
Knowing, besides, though mostly we are friends,
The magic tye that binds us, sometimes rends.

VII.

That is, when she is wayward, and denies
Her influence, when most I want it, when
I strive to eulogize some smiling eyes;
She, a coquettish virgin, then, even then,
Smiles at my sorrows, laughs to scorn my sighs,
Mocks every puny effort of my pen,
And, like the Maid who at the time is loved,
The more I strive to move, will not be moved.

VIII.

I loved a Lady once—her raven eye
I fondly hoped my guiding star would be;
I loved the “ fringed curtain’s ” deepened dye,
I loved the glance discoursing silently;
I loved her, for her heart, in many a sigh,
Said such sweet things, and said them all to me:
My Muse, to say the truth, *then* was not idle,
But gallop’d, like a steed without a bridle.

IX.

I long have lov'd my Muse, and lov'd her well;
I worship her, and seek no recompense,
Save in the heart-throb and the bosom's swell,
Save in that bliss beyond the joys of sense,
I feel, so deeply feel, yet cannot tell
What calls it into being, or from whence;
And, though the power I kneel to, be ideal,
Its influence is glowing, pure and real.

X.

My heart was early offer'd at her shrine,
There, first, th' immortal spark of mind was caught,
There my rapt soul first learnt the lore divine,
And glow'd with the intensity of thought;
What wonder if this throbbing heart of mine
Should love the lesson it was earliest taught?
While we were strangers, all was dull and strange,
But when we met, existence knew a change.

XI.

And now, if any one in this my lay
Perchance should merit or should beauty see,
And praise it as he reads—Oh! let him pay
It all to her:—Reader, there's modesty:—
I only follow where she leads the way,
I only copy what she teaches me,
I merely give, what from her influence came,
"A local habitation and a name."

XII.

"But to the theme, now laid aside too long:"—
Thus sung Lord Byron, and thus I sing too:
He chose a different subject for his song,
I think his bosom different feelings knew;
God only knows if he were right or wrong!
Whate'er the theme, so much his Muse can do,
I fear that some will think, and more will say,
My Muse's footsteps tread in *her* broad way.

XIII.

When smiles of joy illumine every cheek,
Shall I be silent? glow with latent light?
No: "what the heart conceives the tongue will speak"
(I quote from Scripture, if I quote it right.)
Futile my hopes may be, my efforts weak,
I've written, and I'll publish what I write;
Although the Critic's laws condemn my lays,
I love my Monarch, and I'll sing his praise.

XIV.

I love my King! Mine is no hireling strain;
My Father fought his battles, and our blood
Was often spilt upon the battle plain;
And if my King and Country ever should
Demand the sacrifice, 'twill flow again;
The life-stream in me pours no bastard flood,
I love the cause for which my Father fought,
I love the lesson which my Father taught.

XV.

That lesson, earliest taught, was loyalty;
In infancy the stamp was first imprest,
His Children lisp'd it on their Father's knee,
His Children suck'd it from their Mother's breast;
One Brother, in the arms of victory,
Sunk upon Albuera's field to rest;
Others have borne, and still they bear the sword
Which will be sheathless at their Country's word.

XVI.

And if my hand the pen can only wield,
If all the drops that pen must shed are ink,
The Muse my war steed, and a book my shield,
If now I sleep supinely, do not think
My spirit dreads to face the battle field,
No; when my country calls I will not shrink,
But show the world tho' idly now I write,
In the same cause, much better I can fight.

XVII.

I fear me many will, and well they may,
Condemn me as an egotistic elf;
Believing I am going a common way,
Like many a preacher, preaching up myself;
Well then, about myself no more I'll say,
But place the pronoun *I* upon the shelf,
Where, like an elderly young maiden, he
Shall rest himself, like her, unwillingly.

XVIII.

A Bard (no matter whom) who loves his King,
Spoke thus, but first apostrophized his muse,
" Jour de ma vie," inspire me while I sing,
" Or say, no matter which, in verse or prose!
" Oh! Pegasus, come take me on thy wing,
" That by so doing thou mayst save my shoes!"
He went, but not upon his Pegasus,
And where, and what he saw, he tells you thus.

XIX.

The sun had not yet shed his earliest beam,
As fables say, still slumber'd in the ocean;
When many rose from a voluptuous dream,
To join the busy throng, who, all in motion,
With faces purified by Liffey's stream
And bosoms glowing with the one emotion,
Sped tow'rds the Park, each eager in the race,
Each, like a Courtier, looking for a place.

XX.

Certes, a sinecure was got by no one,
Each earn'd it by the sweat of his own brow,
By puffing, pushing, driving, almost thro' one,
Many sore sides remember it ev'n now;
And that this statement is a very true one
Several men and maidens can avow,
Whose galled flesh and aching bones " confess
The pains, the penalties" of eagerness.

XXI.

And now Dan Phœbus opened his eyes,
  Awakened by the Dame Aurora's kiss,
And ting'd the deep gray colour of the skies,
  While Nature brighten'd at his looks of bliss;
But never did his matin light arise
  Upon a gayer, happier morn than this;
His earliest ray on many a bosom gleams,
All warm and glowing as his own bright beams.

XXII.

All was alive, and every heart was gay,
  And youths and damsels "don'd their best attire,"
And quicker did the pulse of boyhood play,
  Even age's bosom glowed with warmer fire:
It was a universal holliday,
  "Enacted by particular desire,"
Of every man and woman who could speak,
Whose joyous heart was echoed by the cheek.

XXIII.

That day, each lady's bonnet was a blue one;
  Not so her looks, where smiles of welcome grew;
And he, whose pocket could not buy a new one,
  Was then a happy man whose coat was blue;
Even the very horses' heads who drew one,
  Were all adorned by that azure hue;
The City King had said the badge should be
Of Knight of high, and "'Squire of low degree."

XXIV.

In every window glisten'd sun-bright eyes,
By care unclouded, shining upon all;
Where many a beauty's secret wishes rise,
To bind some careless heart in softest thrall;
It seemed as every one beneath the skies,
Was deaf to any voice but Pleasure's call;
The steeple-bells all rung, or seemed to ring,
'Her King loves Erin, Erin loves her King.'

XXV.

Her King loves Erin, loves his Emerald Isle,
And she will prove he has not lov'd in vain;
He loves the cheek that ever wears a smile,
Or, if 'tis clouded, brightens soon again;
He loves the heart no falsehood can defile,
"Wax to receive, but marble to retain:"
His Friends, his bravest, gayest, truest, best,
Have drank the life-stream from Ierne's breast.

XXVI.

At length he came—A feeling which defies
The utmost efforts of the Poet's pen,
Burst in a shout, which might have rent the skies,
If they had been the work of mortal men:
He came to bless the longing hearts and eyes,
And every heart and eye grew brighter then;
Of gazing multitudes, who felt that day,
The bliss of Poets o'er a finished lay.

XXVII.

At once a thousand hands were held on high,
  Waving, like leaves beneath the autumn wind—
Yet stay, to use a phrase polite, I lie—
  On the wrong side, my Muse is far behind;
Myriads of voices poured to Heaven the cry,
  Bursting impetuous, boundless, unconfined
By dome or space, Ierne's welcoming,
Ierne's cry of rapture, "Bless our King!"

XXVIII.

Listen, ye factious discontented crew,
  Who live on curses, 'mid the dark mind's dearth,
Bane of the land from whence that life ye drew,
  Canker'd and tetchy from the very birth;
And let the universal feeling strew
  With thorns the crooked path ye tread on earth;
Feel all that disappointed hate imparts,
A Monarch's bulwarks are his People's hearts.

XXIX.

There Brethren, of all creeds, were side by side,
  Forgetting every feeling but the one;
The bitterness of party cast aside,
  Through all alike the electric feeling ran;
For once those animosities have died,
  Which sully and disgrace the name of man,
About a drop of wine, or bit of bread,
Or whether 'tis or 'tis not, what 'tis said.

XXX.

So let them perish! let those feelings cease,
Which long have been thy curse, my native land;
Your Monarch brings the olive-branch of Peace,
And you have grasped it with an eager hand;
So shall the blessings Nature gave, increase,
Thou lovelier Island than the air e'er fann'd,
Thou "land of raw materials," when the sun,
Shines out upon thy children's unison.

XXXI.

But to the burthen of my joyous song,—
On pass'd the Monarch thro' his crowded streets,
On—almost worship'd by the gazing throng,
Whose bosoms with the one emotion beats,
While echoing plaudits usher him along,
And every where a heart-warm welcome greets;
The "hundred thousand welcomes" every where
Breaking the stillness of the silent air.

XXXII.

The noble and the learned pass them by
Unnoticed, they were gazing on the sun,
And minor orbs had lost their brilliancy
In that which every lesser light outshone;
They were as shadows to each wandering eye
Restless until the goal of hope was won;
But yet, at any other time than this
They had been welcom'd too with looks of bliss.

XXXIII.

At length the Monarch reach'd the city gate,
Loudly the Herald's knuckles knock'd the door,
Custom, or some such folly, bade him wait,
(Though he had enter'd every heart before)
'Till the Lord Mayor in all his city state,
Hearing the message of the Herald o'er,
And pitying the Monarch's sad condition,
Should please to grant his Majesty's petition.

XXXIV.

The gate was after all a pretty sight,
Though got up in a hurry, like this lay,
Half canvass and half laurel, sombre, light,
Like Irish hearts, half pensive and half gay.
First came his servants in apparel bright,
In gorgeous trappings and in gold array,
And through the city gate the Monarch pass'd,
Greetings and blessings pouring on him fast.

XXXV.

Then the Recorder came, and then he read
Many fine things, yet told a Monarch truth,
Truths he might just as well have left unsaid,
Each heart had spoken them before, in sooth,
And every look and thought was hallowed
By the loud blessing from old age and youth;
Yet the Recorder acted well his part,
And spoke the language of an honest heart.

XXXVI.

He welcom'd him to ERIN's Emerald Isle
Where he was monarch of the people's hearts;
Where every cheek was bright'ning with a smile,
Ting'd with the hue that happiness imparts;
Where Nature wears a gayer, warmer hue,
Where sorrow is not now, and care departs,
Where, from his path, the demon Discord fled,
The locks were rent from Party's hydra head.

XXXVII.

No nodding helmets beckon'd him on shore,
No armed warrior welcom'd him on land,
No prancing war steed trod his path before,
No bay'net gleam'd along the yellow strand;
His safeguard in his people's inmost core,
A yeoman's arm instead of guarded hand,
And Irish hearts as true as hearts could be,
Supplied the place of armed soldiery.

XXXVIII.

Oh! does not this speak "trumpet tongued" to you,
Who say sedition blazes every where;
Wretches, beneath whose deadly, blasting view
Is wither'd all that's bright and good and fair;
Who kill the bud of promise where it grew,
Shedding your fatal mildewing influence there;
Like vipers spread your poisonous breath around,
Then vampyre like feast on the heart you wound.

XXXIX.

But to return — the speech being ended, then,
("In sooth it was a goodly sight to see,")
Bareheaded came the Mayor and Aldermen,
Bringing the city sword and city key,
The younger warm'd, the old grew young again,
Giving them to the hand of Majesty,
Who did most graciously receive the same,
Then graciously return'd them whence they came

XL.

Again a shout of triumph reach'd the skies,
From mingled multitudes, from young and old,
A long, long burst of feeling, which defies
Description, but their rapture loudly told;
To say the Monarch view'd with brighten'd eyes,
To say — but language is too tame, too cold —
That heart must have been marble which could vi
The joyous feeling and not share it too.

XLI.

And Oh! the Monarch took the ocean swell,
Turning its rapid river as it ran;
Smiling, as on him every blessing fell,
Smiling, the enthusiastic flame to fan;
For he has studied human nature well,
And knew what trifles win the heart of man:
When plac'd for all the world to see, was seen
Ierne's long lov'd type of emerald green.

XLII.

His heart was ever feeling, ever flow'd
The milk of human kindness in his breast,
And there, when Nature's liberal hand bestow'd
The manly form, the Monarch "well express'd,"
With majesty, she mark'd him from the crowd
Of common men, the stamp of thought imprest,
Gave him that Godlike gift, a taste refin'd,
"Soften'd the manners and improv'd the mind."

XLIII.

There never sat upon the British throne
A King who studies more his people's good,
Their welfare his, their sorrows are his own;
'Tis by this tie that England long hath stood,
When fetter'd Europe, trampled, overthrown,
Her freedom drowned in her Nobles' blood,
Crouch'd cowardly beneath a tyrant's yoke—
Her chains the magic wand of England broke.

XLIV.

When did more glory deck the British name?
When did the sun of victory shine more bright?
When had the arms of England nobler fame?
When had her ruling planet fairer light?—
And say, from whom those brilliant glories came?
Whose wisdom sent her heroes to the fight?
Who mark'd the mind of promise? and whose eye
Saw round which brow would circle victory?

XLVI.

Speak ye for him, emancipated Spain,
Bear witness for him, he who set you free;
And let thy neighbour join the grateful strain,
Your sons can walk your bowers now fearlessly;
Ye who on Algiers' parched burning plain,
Once pin'd away your souls in slavery,
Oh! will ye not the grateful tribute pay
To him who cast your manacles away?

XLVII.

And when had Genius nobler names than now?
Names that will never perish, cannot die!
When bloom'd, the garland round the Poet's brow,
With fairer verdure, truer brilliancy?
When did more barks adventurously plough
The azure wave, beneath a distant sky?
When had philosophy such powerful spell
To break our chains, to burst our narrow cell?

XLVII.

Speak ye for him, who, buried in the womb
Of earth to seek her treasures, breathe pure air;
Speak ye for him, who, 'midst a desert's gloom,
Converse with kindred spirits even there;
Speak ye for him, who hate the general doom
Of little minds—improving every where;
Who loathe the earthward efforts of the mole,
And soar aloft with an expanded soul.

XLVIII.

God bless our King! long live our gracious King!
To see his country prosper, to preserve
Its honour still unsullied, still to bring
Life to its heart and vigour to its nerve,
To see it flourish like a tree in spring,
To see his loyal people still deserve
The love he gives, the love he long has giv'n,
The guiding star that sinks not with the even.

XLIX.

But once more to the burthen of my song;
'Twas a proud day for Erin when he came,
Came to behold the land he lov'd so long,
Tho' he had lov'd it only for its fame;
No wonder blessings herald him along,
No wonder multitudes should hail his name,
That hearts should speak their feelings from the tongue,
That broken harps should once again be strung.

L.

In "olden time" ere music's soul had fled,
Ere dark deep grief had quench'd poetic fire;
When Erin lov'd the strains her bards could shed,
Who struck with magic pow'r the speaking wire;
When earth was hallow'd by her minstrels' tread,
And nations lov'd the language of her lyre,
Whose soft'ning strains, whose wonder-working skill
Bade minds expand, bade every bosom thrill:

LI.

Then had her King been welcom'd to her land
By other bards, in other strains than now;
Ierne's Genius then had wav'd his wand,
And every breast had felt poetic glow;
But now her Lyre is in a feeble hand,
No fadeless laurels deck the Poet's brow,
As in the "olden time" 'twere wont to be,
When bards could wake the soul to extacy.

LII.

Alas! the harp which pour'd in days of yore
Its sweetest tones—is hush'd, its strings are broken;
Alas! Ierne's minstrels are no more,
Their lays forgot, as though they ne'er had spoken;
Silent her lyre, her minstrel music o'er!
All gone—and left us but the shadowy token
Of days gone by, of thoughts, of deeds that were,
To tell us life and beauty once was there.

LIII.

But though the light be gone—but though the chill
Of grief has frozen long Ierne's breast,
Yet now she warms, and wakens with the thrill;
Her sons still feel the ardour long supprest,
The daughters are Ierne's daughters still,
Fair as that lovely planet of the west,
Which ever shines, o'er pleasure and o'er care,
And let Heaven frown or smile, she brightens there.

LIV.

That morn they felt as they were wont to feel,
'Ere custom's laws had methodized the land;
We saw the tear from many a beauty steal,
A tear that, like the famed magician's wand,
(Making a silent though a sure appeal)
Has still a pow'r that nothing can withstand,
Working more wonders by its magic skill
Than Joshua when he bade the Sun stand still.

LV.

So have we seen the early sun appear
Breaking thro' mists, yet lovely all the while—
The tear he brighten'd was a joyous tear,
For laughing eyes, and cheeks that ever smile,
Forbade that aught but joy should mingle there,
And pensive beauty wore her warmest wile;
All fresh as morning, glowing as the noon,
Yet mild, as shadows of an ev'ning moon.

LVI.

God bless ye, my fair countrywomen, bless
Ye all with husbands—such as spinsters be;
Be not hard-hearted when your lovers press,
Remember many a fair one's fate, and ye
May "live and die in single blessedness,"
"Argal"—treat not your lovers cruelly!
And so pray Heaven to send ye each a youth
To say he loves ye—and to tell ye truth.

LVII.

I'm at your service—that is to say—I—
  Alas! I'm sorry I can have but one,
That I must bask beneath the self same eye,
  Nor feel the rays that from another shone;
Now, there again—my worshipped Deity,
  As some will say—that cursed pronoun on;
Tho' Gay says, "when a Lady's in the case
"We know that every other thing gives place."

LVIII.

I'm warm, I've feeling, and my life is young,
  Fit subject for the matrimonial mart;
A little of the Paddy on my tongue,
  A great deal of the Paddy in my heart;
And, wonderful to say, but once was stung,
  The bee fled when its sting had giv'n the smart;
And I may say I'm just as good as new,
Come, who bids highest—you? or you? or you?

LIX.

I speak thus, only because I despair,
  To find the blest reward of constancy;
But should I meet a maiden, kind and fair,
  Whom I can love, because the maid loves me;
I'll fondly, warmly, truly settle there,
  Her heart shall be the hive, and I the bee,
And there my choicest, dearest sweets I'll bring,
Nor feel a wish again to take the wing.

LX.

I love the ladies—that I need not sing ;
I love myself—but that I need not say ;
Better than either do I love my King,
With truer zeal my soul-felt tribute pay,
With greater warmth of heart I touch the string,
Than when to Beauty's ear I poured the lay,
Than when I offer'd upon Beauty's shrine,
This careless but this feeling heart of mine.

LXI.

I've little merit for those feelings now,
When the *same* feelings live in every breast ;
When rosy joy unwrinkles every brow,
And every cheek's in smiles and sunshine drest ;
Each pulse of life beats with a livelier glow,
And sorrow's troubled waters are at rest ;
The voice of feeling speaks, in every thing,
A people's true devotion to their King.

LXII.

'Twas then he felt himself a Monarch, then
While warm the sacrifice of heart ascends ;
It was a happier, prouder day than when
Kings were his suitors—Emperors his friends ;
When round him gather'd Europe's mightiest men,
While the world's bravest at his beck attends ;
Dearer the welcome in each brighten'd eye,
Than the soul-stirring voice of victory.

LXIII.

Oh! ever thus may Erin's emerald Isle
Hail him, with gladden'd hearts and brighten'd eyes;
Long may the cheeks of Erin's daughters smile,
Long from their lips the prayer of heart arise;
Long may the warmth of Erin's sons beguile
Care of its terrors—long beneath her skies
May truth its fairest, brightest influence shed,
And loyalty still wait on Freedom's tread.

LXIV.

God bless our King! and may he ne'er forget
The land that loves him—though he must depart,
May he remember still, with kind regret,
Thy truth, Ierne, and thy warmth of heart;
And may the sun that now smiles, never set,
But long, Oh! long, its cheering influence dart,
Bursting the clouds, when sorrow darkens o'er thee,
And shedding rays of light and life before thee.

LXV.

But now, good Reader, whosoe'er you be,
If you, Sir, have this "humble effort" read,
And you "be strong, be merciful" to me,
A single "bah," would surely strike me dead:
Alas! I wait your fiat tremblingly,
"My little star hides its diminish'd head;"
Say, if you please, kind Sir,—'tis all my claim,
'A schoolboy trick, unworthy praise or blame.'

LXVI.

Yet, upon recollection, rail away,
My Muse shall bear the brunt of it, that's certain;
Only, good Reader, take care what you say,
For I am listening behind the curtain:
My Muse may, if you vex her, write a lay,
Your pride, (a tender part,) may get a hurt in;
Besides, *I* have a deal of "valour's fuel,"
And once was very, *very* near a duel.

LXVII.

But if you think, as perhaps you may, I've fed
On other Bards, 'tis but what they have done;
Remember what the wisest man hath said,
That "there is nothing new beneath the sun;"
Unconsciously I may write what I've read,
Penn'd by another and a better one:
Thus flowers steal beauty from the world's bright eye,
And stars from her, lone maiden of the sky.

LXVIII.

And ye "who sit in judgment," Critics, ye
Who send a soul to heaven or purgatory,
Great high and mighty, potent, powerful "WE,"
Like Felix, trembling, lo! I stand before ye;
Of praise or censure, each "sole patentee,"
I cannot tell in rhyme how I adore ye;
Now pray ye, Critics, give a sprig of bays,
Upon my word I'll pay you, if you praise.

LXIX.

If in this contest I should prove a winner,
And bear away the palm of minstrelsy;
And if my Muse should show there's genius in her,
('Tis she has brought me to the state you see,)
Who knows but I may chance to get a dinner,
And that, indeed, would be a treat to me:
Now this is not at any Bard a slap,
Therefore let none presume to claim the cap.

LXX.

But then there are so many poems "out,"
And all protected by some name of power;
I fear my fate admits of little doubt,
Mine will be trampled like a springtide flower,
Unnoticed the few sweets it sheds about,
When many of more fragrance deck the bower;
At length it lies upon some dunghill, dead,
"With all its imperfections on its head."

LXXI.

So, like this flower, I fear my fate will be,
Without a friend to save it from decay—
Alas! thou *art* upon a dangerous sea
My little bark—God speed thee on thy way!
No pilot's hand to guide or govern thee,
Where thou may'st anchor in a friendly bay;
Alas! I fear thou wilt be tempest tost,
The winds will wreck thee, and thou wilt be lost.

LXXII.

Yet stay — may I not find some honour'd name,
One which the Muses love — have lov'd it long?
Even I "unknown to fortune and to fame,"
Even I may get a Patron for my song;
And one whose feeling mind will never blame
My unfledg'd Muse, although she flyeth wrong;
'Tis the first time she ventured on the wing,
Untutored in the strain she strives to sing.

LXXIII.

But, Reader, if your patience be not worn,
Finish this stanza, all I now can write;
My Muse (and maids must have their way) hath sworn,
That she will not another line indite;
So, if 'tis morning, I bid you good morn;
If it is evening, I bid you good night:—
My parting word is that with which you met me,
"When I forget my King, may God forget me!"

FINIS.

GUISEPPINO,

AN OCCIDENTAL STORY.

"I am ambitious of a motly coat."—*Shukspeare.*

LONDON:
T. DAVISON, LOMBARD-STREET.

1821.

Giuseppino.

I.

To tell good stories is extremely pleasant;
To hear or read them, too, is quite agreeable;
And, from the courtier downward to the peasant,
Tales are retailed by all.—You'll even see a Belle
Or Dandy thus employed: so I, at present,
If Dan Apollo will but render me able,
Am much inclined to give you a short specimen
Of what occurred to one of the most dressy men.

II.

Authorship now is an improving business;
If one can strike out matters that are novel.
Though authors' brains will often get a dizziness,
From too much labour, or be forced to grovel
In plagiarisms, undoubtedly it is an ease
To knock out rhyme or prose, whether a hovel
Or palace be the scene of the disturbance
Which we describe, among hats, caps, or turbans.

III.

Yet wonderful it is, I sing and say,
Most marvellous, what ever-varied changes
Of narrative are dealt out, every day,
As Fancy, in her drunken frolics, ranges
Throughout Invention's heaven and hell!—Delay
Is dangerous, however wild and strange is
What I'm about to write, so I must write it
For fear some other person should indite it.

IV.

I sate me down, good folk, to tell a story,
Of which, I own, the truth might be suspected,
Even by credulous people; and, what's more, I
Freely confess, I cannot recollect it:
But yet it was a vision of such glory
I scarcely can suppose ye would reject it.
'Twas all about a Lady and a Knight,
Who said and did — what I've forgotten quite.

V.

In search of scenes and incidents I read
Near half the old romances, through and through,
Which Southey has brought backward from the dead,
With most Galvanic labour; and, anew,
With steel clad wights, in peril was I led,
Till weary of their toils and mine I grew:
So the chief knowledge gathered from my reading
Is what I'll mention as we are proceeding.

VI.

I found, that many a literary Chieftain,
  Had culled the gems from out this antique treasure;
That what they left was by each humbler thief ta'en,
  To put in some new fiction at his leisure;
I found — but guess! — no, you can't guess my grief ta'en,
  At finding — Oh, presumption beyond measure! —
That collar-makers — I can scarce get farther
Had actually collared poor King Arthur,

NOTE.

Stanza the sixth alludes to the 'Prospectus
  And specimen of an intended national
Poem,' the Messieurs Whistlecraft project us;
  And, all must own, their poetry is rational,
Not like to Pye's or Cottle's — Heaven protect us! —
  Nor should their pens remain much longer stational:
For Arthur may regain his crown in Britain,
In consequence of what those bards have written.

(SIGNED) A COMMENTATOR.

VII.

I next discovered, that the folk of quality
Had not, of yore, such numerous expedients
To kill Time and themselves, as the plurality
Of modern genteel people. The ingredients
With which they sweetened up the cold reality
Were tourneys and such savage kinds of pageants,
Wherein legs, arms, and necks oft got a fracture,
Although of the most giant manufacture.

VIII.

Sad was the situation of the fair,
Long, while a Bolingbroke, or a Plantagenet
Was king in London, (a great lord elsewhere)
When one short week had stupor for an age in it,
To ‘ ladies gay,’ who spent the livelong year,
Remote from Town, and truly would imagine it
Extravagant to give, in their own halls,
During that livelong year, one dozen balls.

IX.

Then was the *ton*, indeed a weighty matter,
Which Fancy moved but every hundred years
To a new pressure! Then a lady, at her
First *coming out*, wore the same woman's gears
Which she wore on, (unless she grew much fatter)
Till she was going out; when lo, appears
Her daughter, decked in the same antique millinery,
With much manslaughter and intent to kill in her eye.

X.

'Twas better with them, as historians tell us,
In bluff King Hal's reign, and some time before him;
Though wives dared seldom flirt with civil fellows,
In presence of their husbands, just to bore 'em.
They feared to make the horrid creatures jealous,
And females were taught notions of decorum,
Stiff as their stomacher's tight elongation,
Or neck cloths of this stiff-necked generation.

XI.

Oh, could they have made books like Lady M——n,
What patchwork had we seen of feudal foolery!
Each lady's head, like that of Lady Gorgon,
Had left us hard examples of their drollery,
And we had known the centuries afore-gone,
From banquet-hall quite downward to the scullery!
Would that our dear ancestresses had been crazy,
With some diverting kind of *idiosyncrasy*.

XII.

The men of rank, in those times, when they wanted
To make a figure, struck with Glory's charms,
Scarce ever with their neighbours' wives galanted,
Because they seldom were on visiting terms
With the said neighbours; but like souls undaunted,
They sought but to be clasped in iron arms,
Till having killed some hundreds, and robbed more,
They grew much greater than they were before.

XIII.

Good rest to them!—If twere not for the rages,
The feudal jars, and uproars, and spoliations,
In which they toiled for Honor's bubble wages,
What had become of all the modern nations?
But for those Malthuses of earlier ages,
We'd have such overflowing populations,
Mothers their supernumerary brats
Should drown, precisely as we drown young cats.

XIV

And had those gentles by unlucky chances,
Behaved with more good humour, as they ought,
Nor been so fond of handling swords and lances,
And other tools wherewith Death's work is wrought,
Where had been all our verse and prose romances,
Tragedies, tales of wonder, and what not?
For my part, I'm quite glad, that martial rivalry
Produced such ruffians in the days of chivalry.

XV.

Thus love of glory, and thus love of acres,
Have been, to us, great sources of diversion:
But, had the folk called Knights, like those called Quakers,
Shown to field-sports an obstinate aversion,
Our best bards should be less esteemed than bakers,
Far less than butchers;—for their keen exertion
Could not extract one subject out of History,
The straight line of our prosing thoughts to twist awry.

XVI.

I recollect, my boyhood loved to pore
On ballad and romaunt, till I was grown
Such an admirer of the days of yore,
I hated every face I looked upon,
Because contemporary chins no more
Displayed such beards as earlier chins had on;
And I regretted much not to have been
Born in an Edward's or a Harry's reign.

XVII.

But now I've changedmy notons; and, indeed,
Bless my good planets, that I live in days
When he who likes may safely wear his head,
And carry it to concerts, or to plays,
To hear the Stevens warble, or to read
How Shakspeare thought, and all that Nature says,
In mightiest eloquence, of gesture, mien,
And voice, when fiction's wrought to truth by Kean.

XVIII.

I like such pleasant places, too, as Vauxhall,
Where ears drink music, eyes drink brilliant sights,
And mouths drink liquids for which they from box call,
And all is jollity; while numerous lights
Shine so agreeably, around the walks all,
It makes one think of the Arabian Nights,
Where Asiatic gentlemen have found
Almost as pretty places, underground.

XIX.

I might enumerate some hundred thousand
Other improvements, of which we're possest.—
A gentleman may have a country-house, and
A town-house both, besides some fairy nest,
Some pastoral cottage, to retire from crowds, and
Display, in *laying out*, his charming taste,
Without being laughed at or accused of magic;
The consequence of which was once quite tragic.

XX.

I like to find public and private folly
Proclaimed in newspapers with vast celerity;
I like critiques, where new books, grave or jolly,
Are tattered by Reviewers with severity;
I like replies from the authors, in a volley,
Attacking the Reviewers with temerity;
I like all kinds of talking and of writing,
Wherewith folks are delighted and delighting.

XXI.

I like to see accounts of public meetings,
And all that's said at eloquent societies;
How orators stood up, amidst loud greetings,
And stoutly uttered several improprieties,
Railing at dignities, and other great things,
Mocking authority, however high it is,
Till tired they cease, while thunders of applause
Stun, and repay them, from the rabble's jaws.

XXII.

No doubt this rage for most outrageous speeches
May be quite foolish, as is humbly hinted,
For the chameleon people's cheering screeches,
Their approbation roared, with roar unstinted,
Nay even the ticklesome delight that twitches
Speechmakers when they see their speeches printed,
Cannot be worth much loss of time and toil,
But is diverting, certainly, meanwhile.

XXIII.

In the grim days of those old cut-throat sinners,
Our forefathers, such doings were unheard of.—
They never trespassed against public dinners,
With a few observations, to be cheered off;
O blithe amusements of which we are winners!—
Placemen, of old, would tear the patriot's beard off
Whose tongue should dare, from motive right or sinister,
To pour the least abuse on prince or minister.

XXIV

This is a liberal age, and full of charity,
When mobs may bellow freely against slavery;
When demagogues may rant, for popularity,
Just as they're urged by Folly, or by Knavery.
Freedom, of yore, could have no sort of parity
With ours, which lets us talk with so much bravery;
Wherefore I like to live at present, rather
Than long before my great great great grandfather.

XXV.

Besides, if any curious person chuses
To take a peep at matters as they were,
Hundreds of years ago, when he peruses
Those books I mentioned, is no longer here,
But in far centuries, till the leaves he closes,
And then he comes back to the present year:
Now thus alone would I such ages view,—
At intervals, for just a day or two.

XXVI.

Then, as to Faith:—if now a man would travel
To Pandemonium, where so many are gone,
He may go post;—no priest shall dare behave ill,
Or damn him with book, candle, bell, and jargon,
Because his sturdy wits cannot unravel
The creeds wherewith so many have so far gone.
None are killed now, with dagger, fire, or ropery,
For not believing Calvinism or Popery.

XXVII.

For all those reasons, may I be a saint if
I think one person, in his sober senses,
Should act, against this age, the part of plaintiff,
In praise of past imperfect times and tenses.
Nor do I heed what foolish poets paint, if
They claim our admiration of offences
Which formerly excited such unpleasantry
Amongst the mad nobility and peasantry.

XXVIII.

However, 'tis allowed, by every critic,
Those bloody-minded bloods, of the old school,
Were than existing bloods much more poetic,
As having more of villain than of fool;
Whereas, 'tis evident, as arithmetic,
The latter go by a quite different rule;
And so the stuff of my intended story
Related to the wickedness called glory.

XXIX.

It was in sooth a strange extravaganza,
Describing murders, mummeries, monks, and spectres;
The Devil too, as good as ever man saw,
Appeared therein.—With hearts as hot as Hector's,
Some Knights were to have fought, through many a stanza,
Cutting each other up like mad dissectors:
I would have even brought in a "white maiden,"
But Pegasus would be too sorely laden.

XXX.

That steed became, at length, extremely daunted,
By the wild spirits, who, I quickly found,
Had all the Gothic Muse's castles haunted,
And swarm'd, like giants, o'er her fairy ground;
Else had I written what should have enchanted
Those who love feasting at the table round.
(I mean King Arthur's table, and not H—t's,
That dullest of our literary gas-lights!)

XXXI.

I bit my nails and pens, and then besprent all
My paper o'er with ink, in thought opprest,
Next, I resolved to write an Oriental
Tale, and set out in ' Travels to the East,'
Driving away all notions Occidental. —
I formed a plot, and laid the scene, at last,
Somewhere between Calcutta and Aleppo,
When I bethought me of my old friend Beppo.

XXXII.

Then, — as I opened wide the window-shutter, —
A light broke in on me, as bright as sudden.
Invention's wings began, at once, to flutter,
(They had been once a goose's,) so, by Woden,
I sate down, to soar far from dust or gutter,
While my good Genius said : " Pray where's the good in
" Your knack at rhyming, if its versatility
" Can't afford matter for our risibility ?

XXXIII.

" The Beppo has outdone the Epic style,—
" Most modern Epics really are provoking
" To sleep:—and therefore, in a little while,
" The pack hight *servum pecus* shall have broken
" Into full cry:—leave your heroic toil,
" And start before them, till you have your book in
" The gripe of printers' demons!"—on this hint,
I wrote,—and having written, came to print.

XXXIV.

But how to make a story?—There's the puzzle!
Foregad, we have such multitudes to tell us
Stories on stories, both of those that guzzle
At Helicon, and plain prosaic fellows,
That no one soon shall find a nook to nuzzle
In Fiction's storehouse:—Fate will yet compel us
To be mere readers. O ye geese and ganders,
Your wings shall cease to soar where Fancy wanders.

XXXV.

And here, I humbly hint to Doctor Brewster,
That if he'd make us a kaleidoscope
To strike new subjects out, at every new stir,
'Twould give poor authors a consoling hope;
For though the Muses, when we call them, do stir,
They're monstrous indolent, and apt to mope.
The three times three, of late, are growing slatterns,
As I suppose, for want of good new patterns.

XXXVI.

I'll try to coax one of them now a little
For something queer, good people, to revive you.
Some tale of luckless love will not befit ill
Your present taste, and this which now I give you
Will, without question, suit you to a tittle,
If ye are young men and intend to wive you.
Hear then the history, both sad and funny,
Of one who fell too much in love—with money

XXXVII.

This is the love which first inflames the bosom,
When for a penny some dear infant screeches.
This is the love which constantly pursues 'em,
When fellows have got into coat and breeches,
And sigh for guineas,—then sigh for a new sum.—
This lasting passion to all bosoms reaches,
Strengthened by age's weakness:—all love sham is,
Compared with this same 'auri sacra fames.'

XXXVIII.

But hold:—I feel myself too serious now,
And must betake me once more to my bantering,
Telling a tale, according to my vow,
In brisk *attava rima*, freely sauntering
After sweet speculations, high and low;
Or, if I may, in a fine frenzy cantering
On reinless Pegasus, athwart whose saddle,
So many Gilpins have now got a-straddle.

XXXIX.

There was a gentleman who, in his youth,
Laid out a certain sum of time and money,
To gain a title, and his wish, forsooth,
Was only to be called a *Macherone*.
He flourished prior to that age uncouth
When our great grandsires learned to go alony,
Nor deemed, poor babes, that you and I should be
Hanged high, upon their genealogic tree.

XL.

And here, tis meet, in the first place, to tell ye
That this heroic hero of my ditty
Took his first breath and nurture in Italia,
And for some years inhabited the city
Whose euphonous name, which I anon will spell ye,
When clad in English, would excite your pity;
Our lowly language lames it to Leghorn; oh!
What a barbarian nickname for Livorno.

XLI.

He was a youth of most genteel connections,
Whose father left him all his goods and chattels,
With an estate which had its imperfections,
Namely, that it should pay some female rattles
Enough to buy them husbands; and directions
Were also left, as busy Rumour prattles,
That all the debts of the preceding squanderers
Should be paid off to stop the mouths of slanderers.

XLII.

But Giuseppino, (that is to say Joey,)—
I call him by the name he went at home by,—
Was disobedient, or forgetful, so he
Saw all the cash out which his sires had come by,
As is the practice of some very showy
Fellows elsewhere, till growing rather grum by
His want of credit, when he was quite undone,
He came, upon no business, to London.

XLIII.

Whither he brought his pictures;—most undoubted
Works of the greatest masters,—among these, he
Had some, (but I won't take my oath about it,)
Of Parmeggiano, Paolo Veronese,
And others. He discoursed on Art, and quoted
Vasari and Lamazzo, like some we see:
For this collection, he got coin in plenty,
And got some laughter at the *Conoscenti*.

XLIV.

A week had scarcely past, ere he had taken
Magnificent apartments in a hôtel;—
Became once more a fashionable rake, in
As short a time;—tried once to drink a bottle
Of sloe-juice yclept Port;—and, having shaken
The dice, with good effect, and, likewise, got ill
Luck at cards sometimes—often won a little,—
Behold it was found out he had a title.

XLV.

And was, in fact, a Count; though, for some reason,
Of whim, or modesty, or both, or neither,
He kept his rank unknown, as if 'twere treason,
Nor seemed to value such affairs a feather,
Till what he deemed to be the proper season,
When Fortune's night became sunshiny weather
Wherein he made his hay, with such dexterity,
That several spoke of him with huge severity.

XLVI.

They said, and sung, and swore his legs were sable
Which, in their dialect, had some veracity.
They also thought, for some some of them were able
To think, with most amazing pertinacity,
That he was fiendish, at a Faro table,
And that his neck should not have muslin as a tie:
But those remarks were not expressed as wittily
As some which had been made on him in Italy.

XLVII.

Thus shone the Count in unexpected splendor,
Like days that I've remarked, in our wet summers,
When sullen Morning scarcely would surrender
Her cloudy mantle, and her ill-bred glum airs,
To a full-beaming Noon, that sighed so tender
'Twould almost melt the lead-works at a Plumber's
So brightened up the days of this our traveller,
Of whose resources I'll be no unraveller.

XLVIII.

But he, so favoured, was a wretch ungrateful:
Oft was he heard, in broken English, swearing
Against all play, and damning that most hateful
Goddess of chance, as if she had been tearing
All his wealth from him, by her wiles deceitful;
Yet, while he said his luck was past all bearing,
Most strange to tell, his life grew more expensive,
And his genteel acquaintance was extensive.

XLIX.

Now you expect to hear of his galanting,
With alderwomen, actresses, countesses,
And other *elegantes*, who looked enchanting,
Some undisguised, and others in fine dresses.
He had arrangements, doubtless, with some flaunting
Fair ones—whose names if tongue of mine confesses,
May it be persecuted for a libel,
And fare among the lawless legal tribe ill.

L.

Those female friends of his shall all be nameless:
Because, in truth, I have not yet invented
Even initials, so completely fameless,
As that all chance of strife shall be prevented,
With those who might pretend, that in my blameless
Tale some allusions ought to be resented,
And thence attempt, on an uncertain season,
To make a riddle of my seat of reason.

LI.

Thus far, in slippery verses, have I blundered,
With capability to rhyme and write on,
Through fifty stanzas more. — I've often wondered
At poems, till I sate down to endite one:
But see, I've dealt out upwards of four hundred
Passable lines! — However, I've no right on
Earth to defer, with various speculation,
Giving another glimpse of my narration.

LII.

At length with London tired, and all its misery,
Our Signor paid the town of Bath a visit,
(Some persons there repaid him,) while, with wiser eye,
He looked about him: but, alas, where is it
That Cupid can't intrude his magic vizor, eh?
When did he fire at any mark and miss it? —
Oh, sooner than I'd face that fellow's fire,
I'd be a mark for Captain B. M——e!

LIII.

Ugh, I must think no more of this!— Where was I?
Saying that folk at Bath were sometimes amorous,
By Cupid or cupidity made crazy;
(Especially if creditors grew clamorous,)
And, therefore, Hymen there is no whit lazy,
And Love is neither timorous nor stammerous;
But, when his flames consume Eve's sons and daughters,
How can they ever quench them with the waters?—

LIV.

So felt the only daughter of a widow,
Who, having lately come to quaff those famous
Waters, as by some doctor she was bid do,
Abode, as chance directed, in the same house
That Giuseppino, at his coming, hied to,
Because 'twas situated near a game-house.
This widow was not beautiful nor healthy,
But every one declared that she was wealthy.

LV.

The daughter was in person more engaging.—
Her eyes, indeed, had not the softest lustre,
But a bold sparkle, which appeared as waging
Battle to all men's eyes that might accost her;
And, when the warfare of stout looks was raging,
Not even the steadiest starer could disgust her,
But when she chose, and she would chuse, to eye you,
Her ocular words were, mostly, 'I defy you!'

LVI.

Such was the natural language of her glances;
Nevertheless she had the needful art
To know that meek expression but enhances
The power of brightest eyes against a heart;
She showed great tactics, then, in her advances,
Was sentimental, flirtish, grave, or smart,
According to the temper of the squire
To mar whose singlenes she might aspire.

LVII.

Her figure was in no degree too slender,
Yet, though quite energetic, not unpleasing;
It seemed more fit for one of masculine gender;
Therefore you'll all suppose that I am quizzing,
When I assure you, that her health was tender.
She sometimes had a cough so very teasing
That, when her mother and she coughed together,
The hearers used to say their lungs were leather.

LVIII.

But though her person was not very slight,
'Twas merely plump, not Flemishly attractive.
Her gait was of the dancing kind, as light
As if 'twere learned in France from the most active,
Her eyes were clearly black, and darkly bright,
Seeming to know their twinkle was effective,
Her face was much more comical than tragic,
And would induce one to believe in magic.

LIX.

Poor lady! 'twas surprising she should be
So sick at one time, and so well another;
Should, in a morning, look quite full of glee,
And bark, at eve, as if about to smother.
Her age was but approaching twenty-three,
(Some doubted this account,) and though her mother
Had several thousand pounds, in store, to give her,
She had bad symptoms, both of lungs and liver.

LX.

This circumstance attracted the attention
Of our outlandish man of rank and fashion,
Who, on the strength of title and pretension,
Resolved, at once, to entertain a passion
For his fair neighbour; and 'twas his intention
To be possessed of the aforesaid cash, on
Her dying soon, as every one expected;
Nor was his humble servantship rejected.

LXI.

Well pleased he heard her cough increasing daily,
But undelighted saw her cheek's good colour:
One time, indeed, she looked a litle palely,
And her wild eyes became a somewhat duller,
Which made her swain feel in proportion gaily,
So that his protestations grew much fuller,
And he attacked her, with the usual battery,
Of fair looks, false oaths, fooleries, and flattery.

LXII.

He owned that his estates had been embarrassed,
Though matters now were nearly set aright;
That creditors, (he damned them all,) had harrassed
Him much: but all his prospects now were bright,
As an old uncle, who was living far east,
(A Bishop,) should before long bid good night
To his large purse; nor had he any person
But his dear nephew to bestow that curse on.

LXIII

He popped the question, and was answered ‘ Yes.’
The day arrived, as soon as it was able,
On which this spinster vowed his hopes to bless,
So Hymen tied them tightly with his cable:
Some waiting maid, of course, as you may guess,
Forwarded this *denouement* of the fable,
Nor hinted that the damsel had a lover,
Till, as the saying is, it was all over.

LXIV.

At least ’tis certain that, if she did tell,
No one pretended to be much the wiser;
But, I suppose, she kept the secret well,
For she was bribed, unless Report belies her;
Nor could she hope, by blabbing, to compel
Her mistress, (an incorrigible miser,)
To thank her: yet, she had a wish, no doubt,
To let her knowledge, even for nothing, out.

LXV.

On the said morn she went, with face as long,
As a round dimpled visage would allow her,
To bring the earliest tidings of the wrong
To her commandress, ere she'd left her bower;
With well-dissembled fright, and faltering tongue,
She made the strange communication to her:
Imagine then, how great was her surprise,
When it scarce made the matron ope her eyes!

LXVI.

She heeded not the damsel's whine and flutter,
Who then appeared nearly as pale, I'm certain,
As he who, Shakspeare says, was slow to stutter
Bad news, one night, on drawing Priam's curtain.
The elder female was but heard to mutter
About another nap;—and seemed, in short, in
No kind of grief, as if she had been guessing,
Like Priam, the intelligence distressing.

XLVII.

Then did the lass become intensely curious
To know the reason of such wondrous quietude,
In one whom trifles often had made furious;
She spoke as loudly as one in a riot would,
Till her exertions seemed to be injurious,
Which vexed the dame, (and I don't wonder why it should)
Who rose, and dashed some water at her visage,
And kicked her — which will make some laugh in this age.

LXVIII.

Meantime the happy pair were swiftly speeding,
Though not, indeed, upon the wings of love,
Nor faster than the vehicle was proceeding,
In whose enclosure all unseen they drove.
The Count looked often back: but quite unheeding
The bride seemed of pursuit; while wicked Jove
Laughed hugely, at the false vows of each lover,
As fast they fled along the road to Dover.

LXIX.

Where, when arrived, they did not long delay,
But stepped into the vessel that was bound
To take some curious people to Calais,
(A town just opposite, on Gallic ground.)
And here I have a word or two to say,
And three or four plain questions to propound,
Which though my tale is not concerned a whit in,
They'll add some stanzas more to what is written.

LXX.

Say, reader, have you ever had the pleasure
To feel affected by the travelling mania;
To leave behind the beef and mutton treasure,
And other solid blessings of Britannia;
And is it not delightful, beyond measure,
To find yourself in France, away, from many a
Homefelt annoyance, such as freedom's sons
Feel oft from freedom's enemies, the Duns?

LXXI.

Is it not charming, there, to stare around you
Where all is novelty, like our fine weather;
To hear the French talk French, while they surround you,
And wonder how they understand each other,
To hearken, and find all attempts confound you
At guessing what they mean by all their pother;
To answer them in Anglo-gallic gabble
Such as no bricklayer could speak at Babel?

LXII.

To drive to Paris is a pleasant thing,
If you're not borne by some unpleasant motion,
To see the populace salute the King,
And weep, and shew some signs of great emotion,
Just as they did, before Miss Chance could bring
Napoleon back from Elba, to encroach on
The royal rights, and claim their gratulation,
On his first droll attempt at abdication.

LXXIII.

To ramble, or to rumble through the city,
And learn what several scores of factions say;
To meet some members of the big banditti
Whose spoil was empire, and against whose sway
Kings formed themselves into a grand committee,
Or they had stolen kingdoms, to this day,
And millions had been cursing Buonaparte,
Nor dare Sir Hudson keep on him a smart eye.

LXXIV.

Next to betake you *à la comedie*,
Where some new tragedy has ta'en its station,
Which *tout le monde*, (that's half the town) must see,
An earnest eager listening congregation,
Such as no sermon could attract pardie!—
Said play of course shall rouse a great sensation,
From some severe political allusion
That draws forth claps and hisses and confusion.

LXXV.

There may you see all orders of the French
Look, till the fray take place, as grave as judges
Who, not without a *cause*, sit on the bench,
To *try* and *hear* :—no not a person budges,
From *la* ***Duchesse*** down to the orange-wench ;
(If you should doubt me you may ask the Fudges.)
But all there gaze and hearken, the whole time,
While the poor players must converse in rhyme.

LXXVI.

There Anger's never in too great a passion,
For, if he were, it would destroy the measure
Of the heroic verses which must dash on,
In regular bound, only affording leisure
For emphasis to grace the declamation,
Just four times in each line ; so now to ease your
Doubts regarding my true and argutie observation,
In these lines you peruse its exemplification.

LXXVII.

In this measure, the lover must whine all his woes;
  In this measure, the heroine saddens at each;—
In this measure, the hero abuses his foes;
  In this measure, when dying delivers his speech;—
In this measure—Oh murder how headlong it goes!
  It requires most distressing exertion to reach
The decimo-syllabic lines anew:—
And see, poor Pegasus has lost a shoe!

LXXVIII.

Go to the Opera, (if you must go,) also;
  But, if you can, don't listen to the music;
For there poor harmony has learned to bawl so
  It would make me sick, and it might make you sick:
Besides the Figurantes, there, are all so
  Charming the sight of them would make a Jew sick.
Such strange effect music and dance can take,—
One causes heads, the other hearts to ache!

LXXIX.

Then there are other theatres, with players
Not less theatric, tragic or ridiculous,
Such as the factories for making prayers,
Seeing and being seen; and the periculous
Law-courts, with scores of mystical man-slayers,
And new 'Affairs of Fualdes' whose fasciculus
Of judges, lawyers, witnesses, and culprits,
Shall act as well as Kean does, before full pits.

LXXX.

There every thing that's ever said or done
Is represented with the best effect.
Men, women, children, all and every one,
Are perfect in their parts: but I suspect,
They have not such a turn for farce and fun,
As heretofore; and now I recollect,
Some of their conspirations are quite frightful,
Though, at a distance, they may seem delightful.

LXXXI.

I would not here be understood to state
That, when the pair I mentioned went to Paris,
They found such things as those of which I prate,
Although that age had several strange vagaries,
In dress, talk, manners, now gone out of date.
Those pleased them much; but every one who marries
Shall find, that honey-moons are rather stupid,
Though Plutus make the match instead of Cupid.

LXXXII.

If wed to a young dame, you must look smugly,
And seem to love, as though your heart would blister;
But, if you've wed the fortune of some ugly
Hag that is like Medusa's elder sister,
Surely, though you have touched the rhino snugly,
'Tis punishment enough, once to have kissed her.
In such a case, I will be bold to say,
'Tis hard a body cannot run away.

LXXXIII.

But those of whom I scribble suffered more
Annoyance than is usual in such cases;
Both felt distrest, even to the bosom's core,
And looked but shyly in each others faces;
Nor found they much relief, in twenty score
Of novel scenes, at all the public places,
For each felt rather apprehensive that
The other should find out—you'll soon know what.—

LXXXIV.

'Tis usual, when they've got their hero wedded,
For story-tellers all to think of resting:
But mine's a new attempt.—I have not dreaded
To make even wedlock somewhat interesting!
And though my draggled muse is quite light-headed,
And has a most confounded trick of jesting,
This is a tale of woe, and hope's miscarriage,
Which very properly begins with marriage.

LXXXV.

Marriage, thou musical accord of gladness!
Thou most discordant bond of deadly jarring!
Thou loveliest hope of lovers in their madness!
Thou direst plague of those who don't like sparring!
Sweetener of all home-comforts! Source of sadness!
Thou maddest step of passion the most daring!
What shall I sing of thee?—By heavenly Hymen,
This question is, I think, enough to try men.

LXXXVI.

Peruse the history of all past ages;
Read Plutarch, Aikin, all books of biography;
Next learn the sentiments of all the sages
Whose fame is handed to us by orthography;
Consult all people in the various stages
Of life, throughout all places known to geography,
Before you yield to wedded love's dominion;
For I intend to give you no opinion.

LXXXVII.

At length the Count one night with wine light-headed
Discovered thus the cause of his distresses:
" My sweet Rebecca, when with me you wedded,
" It seems you thought, unless I make bad guesses,
" That I had got a title, when I said it;
" And counted yourself one among Countesses.
" Love made me then deceive:—but now no more
" Do I pretend to be than plain Signor.

LXXXVIII.

" I, likewise, told you something of a bishop:
" 'Tis true I once had such a wealthy uncle;
" But death, long since, has made him part with his shop;
" Dim is that face where shone each bright carbuncle!
" What loaves and fish he had contrived to fish up,
" He left, before his cup of life was drunk all,
" To be divided by his natural progenies,
" And died, as some say, poorer than Diogenes.

LXXXIX.

" The truth is that my only expectations
" Are from the fortune your mamma must give you."
His hearer tittered, spite of her vexations,
And gave him this droll answer: " To relieve you
" From all mistakes, good sir, I crave your patience,
" And as I've now no reason to deceive you,
" I must declare my fortune's not a livre—
" You stare!—no, 'pon my honor, not a stiver.

XC.

" The woman whom you took for my progenitrix
" Was nought to me, except as sprung from Adam.
" We only played a farce, composed of many tricks,
" For which, as manager, I paid old madam,
" In short we were quite competent to any tricks,
" And counterfeited ailments till we had 'em;
" Hoping some gull of fortune to entangle;
"But I've been bit:—and now don't let us wrangle.

XCI.

" How now! you see that I am in good humour,
" And, surely, I have cause to feel some fury.—
" Your nether lip looks very like a tumour.
" Upon my word, you would succeed at Drury,
" As an Othello, you're so like a true Moor:
" I leave this matter to a judge and jury.—
" What a fine—tragic roll—your eyes have got!—
" Oh—I shall—burst with laughing—on this spot!"

XCII.

The wight grew sober instantly;—he hurried,
Along the room, three times, backwards and forwards;
His jovial leer was gone; but somewhat flurried
Seemed he in temper;—neither hiccup nor words
Broke from him, for some time; his eyes grew lurid;
Nor did he hear his wife who uttered more words
But curst his stars, in English and Etruscan,
As well as any hero of the buskin.

XCIII.

Said he: "O San Michele ed ogni santi!—
"Ai maladette sian tutte le stelle!—
"Son rovinato!—Cruel Parcæ, shan't ye
"Henceforth afford me favour?—O che belle
"Nozze mi son fatte omai!"—With such rant, he
Expressed his rage: but, I must plainly tell ye,
That were his whole speech here 'twould be intolerable;
And, to report it, I am not a scholar able.

XCIV.

Well tired, at length, he listened to his lady
Who thus exhorted him: "I really wonder
"Much at this scene;—for shame, sir, be more steady.
"'Tis plain that each of us has made a blunder,
"In trying to grow richer: and I'm ready
"To break the bonds of wedlock you groan under:
"So, if you please, pack up, and on the morrow,
"Abscond; but think not that I'll die of sorrow."

XCV.

Her husband brightened at this hint, and swore
By six or seven saints, that he would never
Desert so generous a spouse.—Much more
Was said, upon this subject, than shall ever
Appear in print. When their discourse was o'er,
They gave themselves to sleep, the sweet deceiver.—
Next morn the lady, waking all alone,
Found her advice was ta'en—her husband gone.

XCVI.

I need not mind describing how well tempered
The widowed wife appeared, at this discovery.
Some say she laughed, and no one says she whimpered:
But, certainly, as to her quondam lover, he
Cared not a fig whether she wept or simpered;
But, casting off all care, away he drove, very
Gaily, no more with matrimony hampered,
And, once again, in seach of fortune scampered.

XCVII.

The parted couple did not meet with any
Adventure worth recounting, till some winters
Had turned, on springs, to summers just as many.
So, reader, as you would not care three splinters
To hear of them meanwhile, (and, to be plain, I
Am longing to be ready for the printers,)
We'd better skip the intervening period,
And come, at once, to something that is very odd.

XCVIII.

My heroine, having become governante,
By some chance, to an English merchant's daughters,
Sailed with them to the fruitful isle of Zante,
Where dwelt their father; and, while on the waters,
Began to tell, how her *perfido amante*
Had gone to seek his fortune, while she sought her's.
This tale the listeners did much admire at,
Till seamen bawled on deck: "we're chased—a pirate!"

XCIX.

Then was the tale cut shorter.—The young women
Grew suddenly devout; their prayers they prayed,
As fast as lightening; and, as fast, the seamen
Uttered loud oaths above. The captain bade
All sails be crowded; but the Osmanlimen
Gained fast, upon the fugitives dismayed,
Who now agreed, that, without more hubbubbing,
'Twere best to yield, and save themselves a drubbing.

C.

The flag is struck; no more the Christian men try
To flee; no more the bullets whiz and whistle.
And now the blustering copper-coloured gentry,
With turbaned heads, and chins of roughest bristle,
On board the prize, make their triumphal entry,
Looking as grim as if their hearts were gristle,
And straight began to rummage, and to rifle,
Which terrified the females, not a trifle.

CI.

Their leader spoke a deal of lingua Franca,
And, for a Blackamoor, seemed rather yellow,
And, though a Mussulman, he freely drank a
Goblet of wine, like any northern fellow;
Which Mahomet declares to be a prank, a
Believer should not play, with fiends to bellow:
'Tis just as if, in Italy, some glutton
Should, on a Friday, cram down beef or mutton.

CII.

The freebooters next laid a strict embargo
On all the persons whom they had delayed, in
Their purposed voyage, and made every tar go
Under the hatches, while his Moorship made an
Enquiry of the value of the cargo,
And as to with what goods the ship was laden,
Who, being told that there were females in it,
Swore he should go and see them all, that minute.

CIII.

And, to the cabin, down he went *instanter*,
Where he no sooner popped his goodly nose in,
Than screamed the misses, as if some enchanter
Were come to take them to the fiend his cousin.
He made a bow:—no man could look gallanter;
But, at that very moment, half a dozen
Big swelling billows gave the ship a jog,
And knocked him stumbling forward like a log,

CIV.

Till he came right against the foremost lady
Who was about to curtsy low, in answer.
"I beg ten thousand pardons madam," said he,
In English. "Blood and—hem!" said she "no man, sir,
"Could have appeared, in such a case, more steady
"Than you have done: nor might the nicest dancer
"Have taken other steps than those you took."
This speech the Moor replied to, by a look;

CV.

A look of fun,—and then a stare of wonder.
" Corpo di Bacco! Diavol! Sant' Antonio!
" Eh," quoth the Corsair, " Ma'am, unless I'm under
" A great mistake, I heretofore have known you."
She stared at him, as if his words were thunder,
Half screamed a laugh, and said: " O fie upon you!
" That Barbary habit has so barbarised you,
" I hardly ever should have recognised you!

CVI.

" Well, how d'ye do?—but Giuseppino, tell me,
" Where have you been, and what have you been doing,
" Those few years past? Some droll mishaps befell me,
" After your flight. And so you've been pursuing
" Honest men's ways.—Do you intend to sell me,
" When we arrive at Fez?—Why you are going
" Fast to the—What the deuce can have induced you
" To take to robbing? What has it produced you?"

CVII.

He answered: "you well know, that my religious
"Opinions, formerly, were quite licentious:
"But I found conscience growing too litigious;
"And, I assure you, 'twas from conscientious
"Motives I changed—Why what is there prodigious
"In me or my discourse, my pretty wenches,
"That you express astonishment, in ocular
"Language, and seem to be so very jocular?

CVIII.

"The only persons I despoil, at present,
"Are merchants—the mere pest of all society—
"Who, with their luxuries, have to decay sent
"So many states, destroying all sobriety.
"The faith of Islam, too, is rather pleasant,
"Though sometimes I have doubts, in great variety,
"Whether they have the right receipt, Rebecca,
"For saving people's souls, at Rome, or Mecca.

CIX.

" Enough of this.—I have acquired some riches,
" By my profession, and our laws allow
" Each male to conjugate four females, which is
" A very good law: but I'm married, now,
" Only to three divine Circassian witches:
" So you shall be my fourth first wife, I vow,
" I've thirty children, most of whom, my pretty mate,
" Are very little more than illegitimate.

CX.

" Then you must change your name, my good sultana,
" The Turks have christened me: my name is Solyman.
" You shall be Fatima or Roxalana,
" And, though a renegado, I'm a jolly man,
" As you shall find." She gave her Mussulman a
Goodly assent: (denial would be folly man.)
Their conversation then became long-winded;
(If you read half of it you would be blinded.)

CXI.

At her request, he did not rob the vessel
Which brought his rib, upon this expedition;
Though, I believe, the Rover could repress ill
His wish to do so: at his wife's petition,
He likewise gave the spinisters vastly less ill
Treatment than they feared from his bad volition,
And, to the sailors, was so very civil,
He told them they might all sail to the d——l.

CXII.

They, I suppose, all followed his advice;
For none of them liked sailing to beatitude:
But the young ladies, who should be more nice,
Spoke of his wife and him with much ingratitude;
No sooner free from fright, but, in a trice,
They gave their tongues such longitude and latitude,
As to make game of both, nor once remark yet
His goodness in not sending them to market.

CXIII.

Solyman and his wife got home soon after.
He introduced her to his Eastern wives;
At which she hardly could refrain from laughter,
Though they had ne'er looked graver, in their lives,
Than when their lord declared he would engraft her
On his establishment.—My tale arrives
Near the catastrophe, and I ask pardon,
At this place, reader, for it is a hard one.

CXIV.

Those five lived on, quite merrily together,
For many following years, and spent their leisure,
In various ways; the gentlewomen neither
Quarrelled, nor scratched each other, nor took pleasure
In scolding, while their valiant chieftain either
Amused himself, with seizing merchants' treasure,
Or trying to believe in that Mahometry,
Which is a hard kind of apomecometry.

CXV.

At length, aware that he was getting older,
He thought it would be proper, and in season,
To set about repenting; all his bolder
Opinions he gave up, (not without reason:)
His faith in infidelity got colder;
He looked with horror on his former treason
'Gainst Mother Church, whom, when his life was loose
He cared no more for than for Mother Goose.

CXVI.

His different kinds of wealth he soon converted
To money, and converted all his spouses
To the true faith; by measures well concerted,
He fled from Moorish mosques, and lands, and houses,
Back to the land and church he had deserted,
Where, being safely settled, he encloses
His eastern wives in convents, and prosperity
Attended all their numerous posterity.

CXVII.

The Imans got cross, and swore, upon their credit,
That he'd be damned, and had no hope of glory.
The Friars told him that he need not dread it,
Swearing he'd only go to Purgatory,
To have his sins calcined; and when they said it,
Promised to pray him out again.—The more I
Reflect on this, the more I'm puzzled quite,
To guess which priesthood was most in the right.

CXVIII.

The Inquisition once became inquisitive,
About the firmness of his wife's credulity,
And even threatened to pay him a visit, if
He did not put a curb on her garrulity.
At length, this zeal became so far acquisitive,
They threatened him, and her, with less sedulity;
In fact, he paid them many a good zechin,
When she the road to Heaven had mistaken.

CXIX.

With her good man, long lived his English wife,
Who never could become half so religious
As he was, in his latter time of life.—
The penances he went through were prodigious,
Waging a constant psychomachial strife,
Which to describe however would be hideous;
So that these odd memoirs are here concluded,
O'er which I've yawned, at least as much as you did.

CXX.

I here disclaim any participation
In Giuseppino's character, am sure he
Is not myself: so hear my conjuration,
Ye reverend and irreverend, I conjure ye,
Assail me not with your flat defamation,
Nor trouble me with words of sound and fury;
Because I am much prone to melancholy,
And don't like laughing,—so restrain your folly.

CXXI.

I must confess my hero is a rascal,
(Heroes are always better for rascality,)
And, that my heroine will surely task all
The patience of each person of morality.
Such people, then, to pardon me I ask all;
Because I'll prove, that virtue is a quality,
Which, as it will not let them rob or kill any,
Suits not with heroes half so well as villainy.

CXXII.

In short, a character that's interesting
Must act with most surprising impropriety,
And wickedness is, certainly, the best thing
To make adventurers, excite anxiety.
Thus manslayers, whom all join in detesting,
And robbers make good heroes; while sobriety
Would, in a hero, be the readers loathing:
Because such sober wights do always—nothing.

CXXIII.

Now there's the Devil;—he is Milton's hero,
And, to give him his due, displays his guilt on,
So as to be a matchless cavaliero,
And worthy of a poet such as Milton:
But, if he had not been a downright Nero,
Compared with Adam, could that bard have built on
Making the aforesaid Devil entertaining?
The answer is too plain to need explaining.

CXXIV.

Pater Eneas, who was surnamed *Pius*,
Was nothing less than an intriguing plunderer,
And Virgil, if he wished to edify us,
Ought to have had him shot dead by the thunderer:
But as to ethics, the best poets try us,
(Shakespeare himself, in those points, is a blunderer,)
Yet few bards, now, could have such lax ideas,
As to discover piety in Eneas.

CXXV.

I could adduce more instances; but better
Than Satan and Eneas are not plenty;
And, if I showed them, they might spoil my metre,
Besides those two will serve, as well as twenty.
You see that custom has no kind of fetter
Which I have not put on, as dressy men tie
Their neckcloths:—so ye critics of acumen
Behave, (if possible,) like good and true men!

FINIS.

A POEM.

A Poem,

SUGGESTED BY

HIS MAJESTY'S VISIT

TO

IRELAND.

Dublin:

PRINTED BY CHRISTOPHER BENTHAM, EUSTACE-STREET,
FOR
T. FLINN, 52, GRAFTON-STREET.

1821.

To Mrs. O———:

AT WHOSE REQUEST THE FOLLOWING POEM WAS WRITTEN.

Oh! that my mind, imparted to my song,
  Might breathe a sweetness to the periods flowing;
As murmuring brook is gently borne along,
  The sunbeam on its lucid surface glowing;
While Nature's charms, reflected calmly bright,
Upon its placid bosom, feast the sight.

And such a Muse as his, my soul desires,
  Who sang of Eden lost, in strains sublime;
Whose every page unveils celestial fires—
  Unquench'd their brightness by destroying time.
Be this my lot, and sweeter tones shall ring,
When Charlotte's fingers touch the finer string.

ALEXIS.

August 7, 1821.

THE POEM.

See! in the East, the terrors of a world,
Borne onward to Hibernia's peaceful Isle;
Their pendants wave, their banners are unfurl'd,
But she regards them with her sweetest smile;
No fears disturb—no anxious doubts obtrude,
She goes to meet them on the swelling flood.

On Neptune's chariot, o'er the billowy tide,
Britannia rode, before the coming fleet;

The Lion, faithful guardian, at her side,
She flew, her sister on the wave to meet.
Each accent love, and every motion grace—
How long, how tender was the fond embrace!

The parting pang is painful: dark Despair
That sheds no smile, can heave the sorrowing sigh;
And though the bow of promise should appear,
By Hope display'd, amid the cloudy sky—
Still, there's a gloom too dark to be dispell'd,
And fears too mighty to be fully quell'd.

But when the friends, divided long, have met,
Beneath a sky more cheerful and serene,
It is a time to smile, though memory yet
Retains remembrance of the parting scene:
For the dark thought serves only to display
The brighter glories of the happier day.

So did the sisters meet; and fond delight
Beam'd full in every glance exchang'd the while.
It was, indeed, a scene with rapture bright—
Nor Nature could suppress her loveliest smile:
The rolling ocean wore her calmest look,
Her bosom lay as tranquil as the brook.

Britannia sung; the silvery sound took flight,
Upon the sea-breeze to the distant shore;
Ten thousand tongues re-echoed with delight
Each word, the wind upon its pinions bore.
It was the voice of triumph—this the song,
So sweetly breath'd, so swiftly borne along.

"My sister! how soothing the sound,
In a world of contention and strife;
'Tis a balm for each festering wound,
'Tis a sweet for the bitters of life.

" My sister! Oh yes, thou art mine,
And the tie is reciprocal too;
Britannia shall ever be thine,
Though thy friends should be faithless or few.

" One banner conducts to the field,
One signal leads on to the foe;
One effort united — they yield!
And the plaudits of victory flow.

" One language, one hope are our lot;
The endearments of life are the same:
Be each minor distinction forgot,
For our diff'rence is only in name!"

Hibernia could not speak — she wav'd her hand,
In token of adieu, and gain'd the land;

Her heart was full, and smiling through her tears,
She hail'd the dawn of more auspicious years:
While the proud fleet, majestically slow,
Stemm'd the dark waves that murmur'd far below.
That smile was like the sun-beam in the sky,
Seen through the sparkling tears in Nature's eye;
As clouds have wept, just ere the morning ray
Asserts dominion o'er the doubtful day.

The Monarch comes! Affection is his guide,
He braves the billows of the faithless tide.
The spirit of the winds hath lull'd to sleep
The waves that rudely gambol on the deep;
She bids her mildest breezes gently urge
The willing vessels through the yielding surge—
Each pond'rous anchor plunges in the sand,
And now, the Royal guest prepares to land.

Hibernia takes the harp her minstrels bring,
And softest music flows from every string,
Thus breathing forth a welcome to her King :—

" The streamers are floating on high,
The trumpets of triumph are sounding;
The Monarch of Britain is nigh,
His bark o'er the billow is bounding.

" Oh welcome ! thrice welcome, my Monarch to me,
My tears shall be wiped and my sorrows shall flee ;
Fell discord shall cease, and sweet harmony's tie
Shall the rudest assaults of the demon defy.

(Chorus.)

" The olive-branch waves in the breeze as it plays,
And the dove is the ensign his vessel displays :

Dear emblem of peace! be thy banner unfurl'd
Through the regions afar, to the ends of the world.

(Chorus.)

" Dark Bigotry frowning, hath shrunk from the sight,
Contention hath striven till tir'd of the fight:
Yon pendant, that floats on the wind as it blows,
Is the signal of death to my deadliest foes.

(Chorus.)

" Then welcome, thrice welcome, my Monarch to me,
My sorrows all charm'd by his presence shall flee;
And by his example my sons shall be taught
As brethren to love, who as foemen have fought."

(Chorus.)

She ceas'd her joyful song and all was still,
Save the loud chorus echoing from the hill.

Then was a placid smile on Nature's face,
It beam'd with more than her accustom'd grace;
The verdant clothing of green Erin's shore
Seem'd lovelier now, than e'er it was before.
The ships were moor'd, and hark! the Monarch breal
The silence reigning still—'tis he that speaks:—

" Belov'd Hibernia! while my bosom glows
" With the fond feelings which a Father knows,
" Well-pleas'd I'll treasure in fond memory's store
" The song resounding from thy sea-girt shore;
" Its accents touch'd the chords conceal'd from art,
" And gain'd an easy entrance to my heart.

" Time was, when History, weeping o'er her page,
" Pourtray'd the darkness of thy earlier age;
" Told how thy sons bid angry Passion reign
" The tyrant monarch of thy fair domain;

" How dark Rebellion's dread career was run,
" That stains thy tale with deeds of carnage done —
" Oh! Mercy's Angel! throw thy thickest veil
" O'er the sad records of the tragic tale.—
" The star of Peace hath caught the wand'rer's eye,
" That brightest gem adorns thy evening sky ;
" It brings glad tidings; like the ray of light,
" That cheer'd the shepherds, in the gloomy night,
" On Judah's plain ; it beam'd with peace to them,
" And told the joyful news from Bethlehem.
" Its sparkling beauty on the waves my guide,
" No light outshone it, and no gloom could hide ;
" By this we shap'd our course, like them of old,
" Whose guide the star, that news more glorious told.
" Thus, through the swelling flood of ocean dark
" The watchful pilot steer'd my bounding bark.
" Oh! may this star, bright with celestial fire,
" See all thy sons unite, thy foes expire!"

The Monarch ceas'd, and from the peopled shore
One shout ascended, like the thunder's roar.

The barge is at the vessel's side,
To bear the Monarch through the tide:
Each heart with kindling rapture glows,
The tear of joy is that which flows—
But earthly colours are too faint,
One gleam of extacy to paint;
Nor will my humble Muse aspire
To sing as would the scene require.
My task is done—let friendship take
The part perform'd for friendship's sake.

FINIS.

PS
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Hillhouse, James Abraham
The judgment

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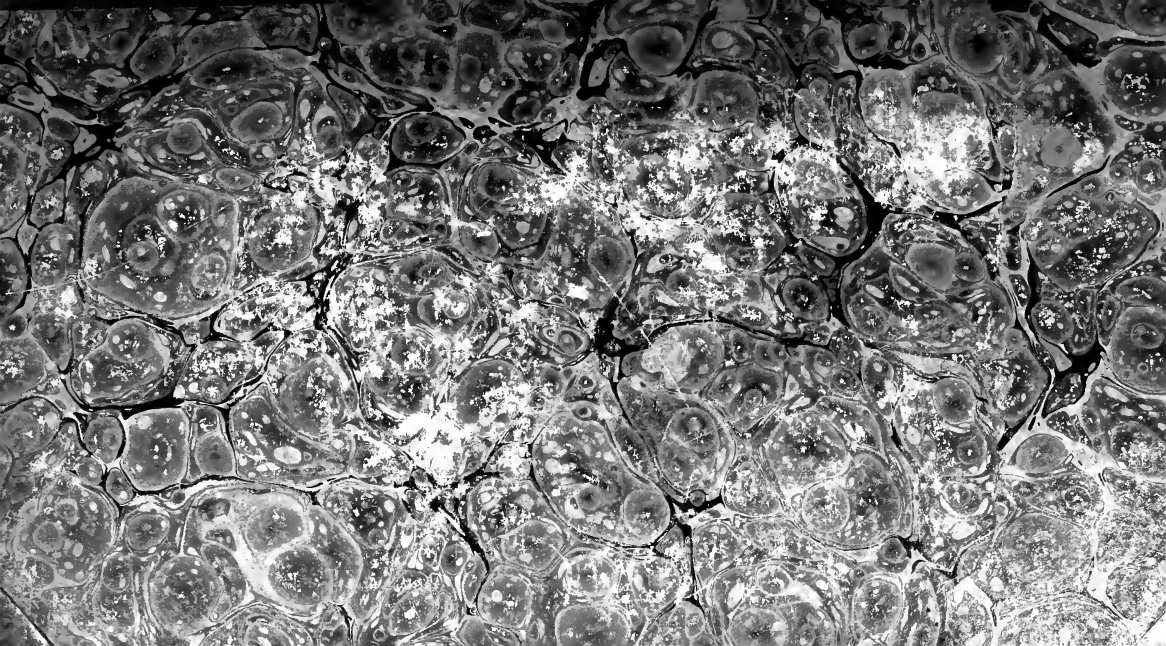
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